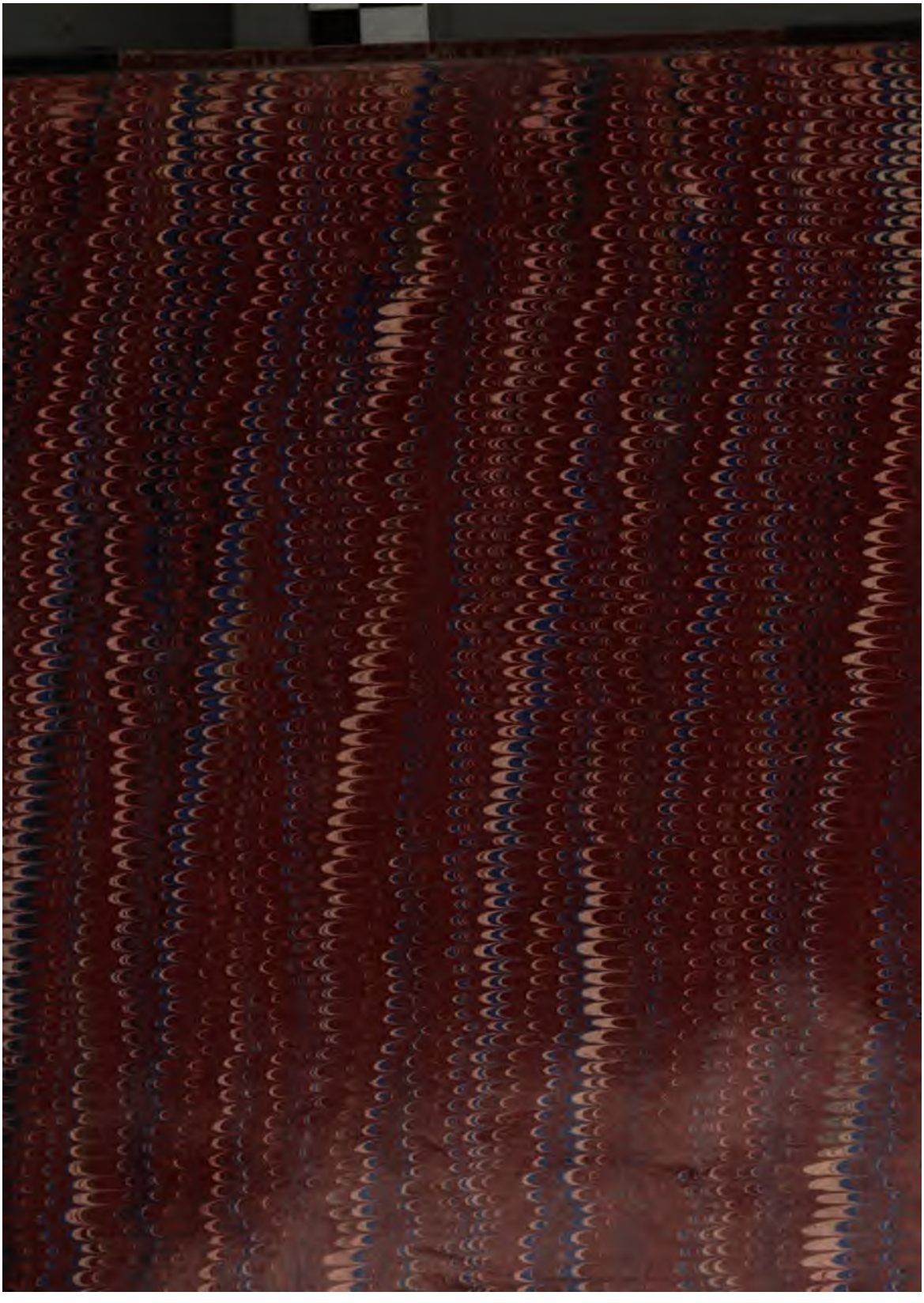

OCCASIONAL ISSUES

OF

UNIQUE

OR

VERY RARE BOOKS.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDINB.), F.S.A.
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

(*a*) "CORNUCOPIÆ, Pasquil's Night-cap: or Antidot for the Headache." (1612.)
(*b*) "PASQUIL'S PALINODIA, and his Progresse to the Taverne," etc. (1619.)
(*c*) ROBERT DOVER'S "Annalia Dubrensia," etc. (1636.)

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.
1877.

CORNVCOPIÆ,

Pasquils Night-cap:

OR,

Antidote for the Head-ache.

J. W. Elsworth, Sc.

LONDON.
Printed for THOMAS THORP. 1612.

I.

CORNUCOPIÆ,

Pasquil's Night-cap,

OR

Anti-dot for the Head-ache.

(1612.)

II.

PASQUIL'S PALINODIA,

And his Progresse to the Taverne,
Where after the Survey of the Sellar,
You are presented with a pleasant
Pynte of Poeticall Sherry.

(1619.)

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, AND
FAC-SIMILES OF ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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INTRODUCTION.

I FEEL that, perhaps more urgently than in any previous instance, it is necessary to recall, that these Occasional Issues of unique or extremely rare books, are not *published*, but rigidly limited privately to Fifty Copies, agreeably to the list prefixed. This limitation secures that they shall only be accessible to the "fit tho' few" students of our early literature and social history, and be used for such ends. Otherwise, I could not have reconciled myself to the preservation, by reproduction, of such free, if I might not say loose, productions as *Cornucopiæ* and *Palinodia*. It were difficult to censure too severely the "filthiness, foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient" (*Ephesians* v, 4), more especially of *Cornucopiæ*. Nevertheless, here is furnished a historically-ethically invaluable measure of the advance in wholesomeness of public sentiment, if not of conduct, to-day; all the more to be considered in that the "form and pressure" are not of the later Restoration-age but of the still stringent Puritan. It is surely most significant that 'Cuckoldry' (adultery) should so have abounded in this our England and the crime lain so lightly on the national conscience. With every allowance for the mirthful exaggeration of the anonymous Poet, there runs through both *Cornucopiæ* and *Palinodia* a vein of fact that is profoundly suggestive. Nor with all his freedom of speech, is either poem without pungent hits at the sins and sinners of the day; neither does he fail to hold a steady light over the unclean places of (so-called) "high folks" and the middle-classes. There are broad-spoken indelicacies of

incident and record that one would wish away; yet substantively the grossness is in the things that were being actually done from day to day rather than in the wording. There are offences against good manners, against feeling, against decency, in the facts and acts; but comparatively little of pruriency or nastiness for 'nastiness' sake. Both *Cornucopiæ* and *Palinodia*, as workmanship, show (meo judicio) a practised Maker. Both sparkle with clever things that, if not 'wit,' are at least touched of humour, in long anticipation of "Beppo" and "Whistlecraft." Both have now and again iridiscence of the Poet's fancy, unexpected as the rich colouring in poisonous toad-stools. Both have "wise saws" and apophthegms that start reflection. Emphatically both are realistic portraitures of the time, of "men and manners."

Who was the author of these two poems has not yet been ascertained. In *Cornucopiæ* (page 117, l. 3593) he turns aside to celebrate a town on the river Aire, by which was probably meant "Leeds," in Yorkshire; while in *Palinodia* (page 141, l. 9) he apostrophises his native town and puts "Leed" in the margin, by which "Leeds" doubtless was intended. These references invite the Antiquaries of Yorkshire to set themselves a-searching after this new poet of the County, as they set aside the suggested name of SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

Of *Cornucopiæ* the earliest known edition is dated 1612. It is our text, with very few trivial corrections from a later edition (1623?), both in the Bodleian and in the Dyce Library, South Kensington. The later text differs in nothing really noticeable beyond modernisation of orthography, and slight correction of a somewhat chaotic punctuation. Of *Palinodia* also there are two editions, viz., 1619 and 1624 or 1634,—binder's cutting off the third figure making the latter date uncertain. The latter is our text, with like compari[illegible] [illegible]ther, and with like results. I am very [illegible]iend the Rev. J. W. EBSWORTH,

M.A., of Molash Vicarage, and the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, for extremely painstaking transcripts and collation and re-collation of texts of both poems, as preserved in the Bodleian and in the Dyce Library. I owe likewise to the former the engravings of the original illustrations in both title-pages—that of *Palinodia* having been already utilized in the inestimable *Bagford Ballads*, as edited by Mr. EBSWORTH. Of *Cornucopiæ*, Mr. Haslewood printed a very few copies in 1818 (8vo), and *Palinodia* Mr. Collier similarly reprinted, unaware of their common authorship.

It was a grievous blunder of the late Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., of Stand Rectory, to ascribe *Coruncopiæ* to the white hand of NICHOLAS BRETON. Independent of the references already indicated, we might as well have ascribed to 'holy' Richard Baxter or George Herbert any contemporary licentious book as such a production to his always pure and religious Muse. Fuller details of the non-Breton authorship may be looked for in our Memorial-Introduction to the now well-advanced Chertsey Worthies' Library complete collection of the Works of Nicholas Breton. Therein, the whole set of Pasquil books will be critically examined. Both poems are careful reproductions of the Author's own text.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry,
20th December, 1877.

CORNV-COPIÆ,

Paſquils Night-cap:

OR,

Antidot for the Head-ache.

NON
INTRET CATO
aut ſi intrauerit
Spectit. Martialis.

LONDON,
Printed for THOMAS THORP. 1612.

NOTE.

In the title-page, as given on the other side, there is an engraving (copper) of an ancient theatre. For this, Haslewood substituted a wood-cut of the 'Globe' theatre. It has been deemed better to re-produce the original illustration; and accordingly it is being re-engraved in fac-simile by my friend the Rev. J. W. Ainsworth, M.A., of Molash. It may be counted on with next bi-monthly issues, when the present leaf can be cancelled. My friend's illness has delayed the engraving.

A. B. G.

Proœmium.

Vnto the kindeſt men that euer wiu'd,
Whoſe titles from the Cuckoe *are deriu'd,*
And thereof Cuckolds *named:*
To all the Francklins *of the horne,*
Whom ſcoffing Peaſants uſe to ſcorne,
And greatly haue defamed:
And vnto all our friends in Cuckold-ſhire
Health, happie fortune, and their hearts deſire.

Pasquil, *a terror erſt to forreine States,*
To mightie Princes and great Potentates,
In euerie other nation;
Perceiuing heere the Horne defaced,
And honest Cuckolds *ſore diſgraced,*
With termes of deteſtation;
Lately in England *is arriu'd from thence,*
In challenge of a Cuckolds excellence.

If any Cuckold-maker *him deride,*
(For none but cuckold-makers *haue enui'd,*
A Cuckolds *commendation)*
Or fleering knaues which on it looke,
Condemne it for an idle booke,
As ſtill it is their faſhion;
Pasquil *proteſts, allthough they ſcoffe and flout,*
Hereafter he with them will haue a bout.

And little doth he care, though they forſake it,
For not for them did Paſquil *vndertake it,*
To winne their affectation:
For honeſt Cuckolds *was it penn'd,*
To them this Worke *doth he commend,*
And craues their acceptation.
Then grudge not (gentle Sirs, without offence)
Kindly to reade a Cuckolds *iuſt defence.*

And yet in reading heere I humbly craue,
No fooliſh application you would haue,
Nor cenſure things at randon,
Nor priuate meanings would ſurmiſe,
Whereby fond quarrels might ariſe,
True freindſhip to abandon.
Nothing but mirth did Pasquil *here pretend,*
Iudge not before you read: and there an end.

Pasquil Anglicanus.

—— Iuuenesque Senesque
Ut pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.
Sed absit a iocorum nostrorum simplicitate malignus
interpres;

Cornucopiæ.

OR,

Pasquils Night-cap.

FY, what a vaine-conceited world is this? 1
Whoſe iudgement, error blindly leades aſtray,
Accounting that as right which is amiſſe,
Laughing at follie, as a ſport or plaie.
Great ſins are termed but a great mans pleaſure,
When leſſer faults are plagued out of meaſure:
New titles ſalue old ſores; and euerie ſinne
Some honeſt name is allwayes shrowded in.

A Broker now is thought an honeſt Trade,
Though ſome by ſelling of ſtolne goods doe liue, 10
Theeuing is now an occupation made,
Though men the name of Tailor doe it giue.
Bribes are accounted but a freindly fee,
Diſſembling taken for pure honeſtie:
Pride is reputed handſome in apparell
And he moſt valiant, that ſeemes moſt to quarrell.

The goutie *Machiuilian* murderer,
Whose codpeece is neere twenty winters old,
Now ſcornes the title of an vsurer,
And muſt be faſhion'd in an other mold: 20
The greybeard muſt a Monie-man be cleped,
Becauſe great ſtore of monie he hath reaped:
Or Mony-maiſter he to name muſt haue;
Though he vnto his monie be a ſlaue.

And little doth [illegible] *acke,*
For not for them [illegible] ace,
[illegible]
For hengd Cu[illegible]
To them this [illegible] h Boore
[illegible] whore,
Then [illegible] ad: 30
Kindly [illegible] e gallant mad.

And yet [illegible] pence
No [illegible]

No [illegible] elfe:
When [illegible] ghoſt appeare
[illegible] ellie-cheare,
No [illegible] and wan,
Ind [illegible] ating man. 40

[illegible]
[illegible] ction:
[illegible] ort
[illegible] tion.
[illegible] to tell!
[illegible] well;
[illegible] weare the horne,
[illegible] the ſcorne.

[illegible]
[illegible] backe, 50
[illegible] old grace,
[illegible] cracke:
[illegible] landes doth
(ſell,
[illegible] golden ſpurres,
[illegible] the curres.

If

If his ſweet worſhip with his horſe-taile locke,
(As he doth trauerſe neatly through the ſtreet)
Scrape fauour with ſome female-wedded ſmocke,
Which by her carriage ſeemes for paſtime meet; 60
Strait he is bold to bourd her to the plaie,
And either ſhe muſt yeild, or ſaie him nay,
And howſoeuer matters after frame,
Her husbands forehead ſtill beares all the ſhame.

For whether goſſips when they ſit and talke,
(As woemen enuie one an others bliſſe)
Seeing the gallant ſometimes thither walke,
May by coniecture ſhrewdly ſpeake of this,
Or whether ſhe herſelfe may ſpread the ſailes,
(As womens tongues be like to yong lambs tailes) 70
And tell her pleaſure to an other friend:
And thus the world haue knowledge in the end.

Or whether braue *Iuuentus* play the blab,
Which vauntes himſelfe a gentleman at leaſt;
And when he waxeth weary of his drab,
Meeting his mates at Tauerne, or at feaſt,
Reueale the fault: or howſoeuer it bee
That time bringes forth the fruites of lecherie,
I cannot iudge; yet thus much I can ſay,
The Cuckold carries all the ſhame away. 80

As for the woman; she's a wanton laſſe,
A good kind wench; or of the dealing Trade,
The Cuckold-maker (though as fond an Aſſe
As euer in this world, dame Nature made)
Is term'd a gallant gentleman, and braue,
Though he by right ſhould other title haue:
But for her husband, he which weares the horne,
He is plaine cuckold, and muſt beare the ſcorne.

Sometimes this prodigall the Chapman plaies,
And to the Mistresse sometimes ill affi'd : 90
When as, God knowes, these are but subtile waies,
Deuised, least their knauery should be spide,
  Else with her husband company doth keepe,
  To graft the horns vpon his head more deepe :
  And thousand other shifts do they deuise,
  To horne the Cuckolds head, and hood his eyes.

And yet not onely do they blind his sight,
Which not so much as dreames of any wile,
But oft it happens by a cunning slight,
One crafty knaue another doth beguile : 100
  And when the Hunter thinkes to strike the Bucke,
  His hopes are crost by some disaster lucke,
  " For true it is, when Fortune comes by chance,
  " There Fortune helpes the boldest to aduance.

But certs it is a strange and vncouth thing,
To see a pilfring and a picke-purse knaue :
Which well deserues to stretch an hempen string,
And climbe the gallowes for to seeke his graue :
  Diue to the bottome of a true mans purse,
  Take out his coine, and not accounted worse ; 110
  And he, to whom the losse did euil befall,
  Passe with a scoffe, to mend the match withall.

These are the humours of these present daies,
Where lust is taken for a lawfull thing,
The *Delphin* on the water skippes and plaies,
When as *Arion* sounds the siluer string :
  A homely bit in secret some digest
  Better then dainties, when their husbands feast ;
Pauvre mouton dit le loup Stolne bread is sweete, in *April* and the *Spring*,
  Needes must you giue the Cuckoe leaue to sing. 120

And

And (ſooth to say) needes muſt that pleaſant fowle
Straine forth the plaine-ſong of her pretty note,
When crooked age, halfe parting with his ſoule,
Will on a wanton Minion ſeeme to dote.
  And hee which hath one foote within the graue,
  Will needes beſtride a gennet yong and braue.
  Well may the Cuckoe ſing at ſuch a wedding,
  When age and youth together go a bedding.

Nath'leſſe I will not iuſtifie this part,
And bolſter vp vaine folly with my quill, 130
A frolicke forehead hath a wanton heart,
This wicked world is prone enough to ill:
  But in my iudgement, if it might ſo paſſe,
  An old mad foole, that weds a youthfull Laſſe,
  Deſerues a coxecombe, and to be withall,
  The chieſe Commander in Sow-guelders Hall.

Well erſt *Lycurgus* in his prouidence,
Wiſely forbade all aged men to marry;
For (certs) he knew their inſufficience,
Muſt by al reaſon make their wiues miſcarry: 140
  When once the ſtocke is dead, decai'd and rotten,
  Small is the fruite which from that tree is gotten.
  Yong plants affoord increaſe in ſeemely order,
  Shrubbes ſerue for nothing but to fill the border.

Would it not make a *Cynnicke* laugh the while,
And *Agelastus* for to ſing and whiſtle, The father of *Crœsus.*
(Which ne're in all his life was ſeene to ſmile,
But when an old Mare once did eate a thiſtle)
  If they ſhould ſee a whithered rotten ſcold,
  A toothleſſe beldame, ſickely, lame and old: 150
  When ſhee can neither go nor ſtand vpright,
  Addreſſe herſelſe in armour to the fight.

And is it not as foolifh, and as mad,
To see old *Mumpfimus*, that gouty Sire,
Pranke vp himfelfe like to a youthfull lad,
And looke as hanfome as a Pippin Squire?
  And when he fcarce hath breath to keepe in life,
  Defire to couple with a youthfull wife?
  The foole deferues to weare a moatley coate,
  When he fhould thinke on death, begins to dote. 160

For little knowes the Woodcocke, what pertaines,
Vnto the pleafures of the marriage bed,
When that an empty paunch for food complaines,
Nature requires (I wis) it fhould bee fed,
  A yong wilde colt, when graffe begins to faile,
  Leaps forth his bounds, fprings ouer hedge & pale,
  And neuer refts in quiet, till hee know
  Or finde a field, where better graffe doth grow.

No maruell then, if that a lufty Laffe,
That lookes as frefh, as doth a flower in May, 170
When fhe is mated with a foolifh Affe,
Which ftormes like Winter on his wedding Day,
  Sometimes feekes change of pafture and Prouant,
  Becaufe her commons be at home fo fcant,
  For in a dri'd red herring, and poore *Iohns*,
  Remaines more vertue then in old mens bones.

What comfort can a newly married wife
Haue in the company of fuch a drone,
Which (like a Cricket) doth confume his life,
And lies in bed as cold as any ftone, 180
  Mouing no more, then doth a dead mans coarfe,
  Coughing and fpitting, like a rotten horfe,
  Pain'd with the Palfie, vexed with the Gout?
  Better a woman were to live without.

Would

Would it not grieue a dog to ſmell the meate,
And haue it hanging ſtill before his noſe,
Yet cannot get a morſell for to eate,
Though hunger force him barke, and tell his woes?
  Leſſe were his torment neuer to eſpy it,
  Then to behold the meate, and not to come nie it, 190
  Farre better were it ſtill a maid to tarry, (marry,
  Then want such things, for which a maid doth

And fitter were it knocke her on the head,
And rid her forth the forrowes of this life,
Then by a lingring paine to liue as dead,
Void of the ſports belong vnto a wife:
  And like to *Tantalus*, ſtill thirſt for drinke,
  Whenas her lips do wel neere touch the brinke.
  This is the cauſe prouokes an honeſt maid
  Become a Miſtreſſe in the dealing Trade. 200

For when ſhe wants that which her neighbors haue,
Which are not halfe ſo beautifull as ſhe,
So propper, fine, welfauoured and braue,
Neither ſo fit for ſport and iollity;
  Yet bleſſed by their fortune and good hap,
  Sit playing wlth their children in their lap. (ter,
  Wel may ſhe with much patience brook the mat-
  But (ſure) her teeth perforce muſt runne of water.

And if ſhe fall in longing for the Thing,
Which is the inſtrument of earthly pleaſure, 210
And binds more firmely then the wedding ring,
Begetting little children out of meaſure;
  Her health and life vpon her longing ſtands,
  And what good can ſhee looke for at his hands,
  Whose feeble ioints are ſtiffe for want of marrow,
  And hath leſſe courage then an old cock ſparrow?

Scarce

Scarce is an old man fit to beare a launce,
Or play the ſouldier in a warlike feild;
For might he wantes his weapons to aduance,
And to refiſt his foe with ſpeare and ſheild, 220
But leſſe of force he is a maid to wed,
And play the ſouldier in the marriage bed.
For he that lackes ſtrength to endure the fight,
Is not fit man to ſkirmiſh in the night.

Ouid.

Wedding (ſome ſaie) it is a kind of warre,
Whoſe feild betweene a paire of ſhetes is pight,
(Though otherwiſe ſometimes befall a iarre,
When huſwiues fingers chance to be too light)
Then he which ſuch a matter goes about,
Muſt needes be ſtrong, couragious, and ſtout, 230
For ſharper conflictes marriage doth betide,
Than euer ſouldier in the warres hath tride.

The moſt victorious man that euer liu'd,
(Strong *Hercules* that famous warriour,
Which twelue admired Labours once atchiu'd,
And neuer fought but prou'd a conquerour)
Though he with ſtrength was ouercome of no mã,
Was not of force to wreſtle with a woman,
But tooke the foile, and gaue her leaue to win,
And for his penance was enioyn'd to ſpin. 240

Socrates.

Yea he, which by the Oracle was ſaid
To be the wiſeſt perſon in his time,
After that he was married to a maid,
Which would not looſe the pleaſures of her prime,
For all his knowledge was eſteem'd a sot
And beaſtly crowned with a chamber-pot:
Strength is but weake, and wiſedome ſeemes a foole,
When *Cupid* leades them into *Venus* ſchoole.

Facilè diuinabam poſt tantum tonitru ſequuturam pluuiam.

If

If then the greateſt courage be too ſlender,
And learned heads as ſottiſh as a blocke, 250
When once they combat with the female gender,
And enter diſputation with the ſmocke:
How can an aged, ſilly, fooliſh Aſſe,
Thinke to encounter with a youthfull Laſſe,
Neither of might the battell to endure,
Nor well approued of his furniture?

Yet if (forſooth) there be no remedy,
But that the doting Gray-beard muſt be wed:
Let ancient *Neſtor* for to pleaſe his eye,
Make choice of old *Niuoſa* for his bed. 260
For ſtill by nature they do beſt agree,
Which are alike in age and quality:
And ſooner will the North-pole meet the South,
Then frozen Age be pleaſant vnto Youth.

One aſked of *Diogenes* in ieſt,
What time of life a man were beſt to marry? *Iuueni non dum Seni nunquam.*
Well he replide: *For youth I think it beſt,*
Becauſe it is too ſoone, that he may tarry,
And for an old man, ſince it is too late,
Let him content himſelfe with ſingle ſtate. 270
A little wind blowes bloſſomes from the tree;
And rotten apples eate vnpleaſantly.

Scarce I ſuppoſe, that any yong Maid would
Conſume her Summer by cold Winters fire;
Though by conſtraint, or for the Miſers gold,
Some haue aduentured on an aged Sire:
But either ſhe before hath had a fall,
And weds old Cruſt that he may father all:
Or elſe to haue more ſcope and liberty,
Vnder a colour for adultery. 280

[illegible] whatsoever the pretence do proue,
[illegible] young and old do friendly come together,
[illegible] may the woman make a shew of loue,
[illegible] her brow in token of faire weather,
And in the first heme looking on her part,
[illegible] I am shee loues him not in heart.
[illegible] that fortune blesse her with good hap, (cap.
[illegible] his head shall weare a horne-wrought

[illegible] a Cuckold is a dignity,
[illegible] much for such a doting Swaine, 290
[illegible] worthy of that Company,
[illegible] great credit and a shaine.
[illegible] that grave Peasant reare his Creſt,
[illegible] a Cuckold with the beſt:
[illegible] his wife is much too blame,
[illegible] with the credit of that name.

[illegible] I heare an apiſh knaue,
[illegible] proud and ſcoffing faſhion:
[illegible] of late become ſo braue,
[illegible] to ſuch reputation, 300
[illegible] which was erſt a name
[illegible] with reproach and ſhame,
[illegible] in our times ſtep forth,
[illegible] of credit and great worth?

[illegible] challenge, or renowne,
[illegible] for a whore?
[illegible] children as his owne,
[illegible] badge of infamy before?
[illegible] Cuckold can befall,
[illegible] as Weſtminſter Hall, 310
[illegible] what is his by right,
[illegible] Cuckold Order dubs him Knight?

Peace

Peace prating *Cynicke*, leſt thou proue a dolt. Confutation.
A ſnarling curre will barke at euery ſeaſon.
The groſſer foole, the ſooner ſhoots his bolt,
Although his wordes be voyd of wit and reaſon.
Little thou know'ſt (poore foole) thy great amiſſe,
In ſcandalizing ſuch a name as this;
Which in thy raſhneſſe thus doſt iniury,
Thy ſelfe, thy friends, and famous Cuckoldry. 320

But whatſoe're thou art, that ſeem'ſt to ſcorne,
Carping the wel-fare of anothers ſtate,
And thus derid'ſt the credit of the horne:
(To great a glory for a ſcoffing mate)
Seeke not too much a Cuckold to defame,
For feare thy ſelfe be ſubiect to that name;
True is the ſaying, though it ſeeme a ieſt,
The Bird is filthy that defiles her neſt.

And how canſt thou repute thy ſelfe as free,
And quite exempted from the Cuckoes ſong, 330
Since thouſands (farre ſuperiour vnto thee)
Grudge not her ditty ſhould to them belong?
For any a man of woman borne
Is ſubiect by deſtiny to weare the horne:
And though as yet no hornes attend vpon thee, *Actu vel potentia.*
Fortune hereafter may beſtow them on thee.

If thou be linked in the *Gordian* knot,
And bound in fetters of the marriage ſtate:
Grieue not the hornes ſhould fall vnto thy lot,
Or that the Cuckoe ſings before thy gate: 340
For if thou marry, ſtill make ſure of this;
To beare with patience, what thy fortune is,
Neither repine a Cuckold for to bee,
But bleſſe thy fate, and thanke thy deſtiny.

And neuer loue thy wife a whit the worſe,
For which (I wis) thou art beholding to her:
Nor ſeeme for this to frown, brawle, sweare, & curſſe,
Becauſe ſhe hath a little bene a doer;
But rather praiſe her for her kinde deuotion,
Since ſhee hath lift thee vp to ſuch promotion: 350
Be not diſmai'd, though ſaucy knaues do ieſt,
Thou art exalted to beare ſuch a Creſt.

Knight of the Forked Order, and not inferior to ſome new knights.

And let baſe fleering ſcoundrels talke their fill,
And idle muddy braines out-braue their better,
The world doth want no fooles, nor euer will:
Dolts ſcoffe at learning, which ſcarce know a letter.
And lame blind *Baiard* euer is as bold.
As brauer horſes which for more are ſold:
None is more preſt to blot a Cuckolds name,
Then he which is both voyd of wit and ſhame. 360

Now if theſe ſpurre-blind Peaſants could but ſee
How much themſelues they blemiſh and diſgrace:
And how they ſhame their friends and progeny,
Their kindred, their acquaintance, and their race,
They would not ſpeake ſo raſhly as they vſe,
Nor ſeeme ſo much kind Cuckolds to abuſe:
The greater is their folly to depraue,
That title which perchance themſelues may haue.

Caue ne patrem ferias.

Better it were for old men ſay the beſt,
Or elſe ſay nothing, and to hold their tongue, 370
Then at a Cuckold either ſcoffe or ieſt,
Which might as well to them before belong:
And let the married without feare and ſhame,
Seeke to vphold and [illegible] that name,
Clearer he [illegible] [illegible]nies;
For [illegible] [illegible] flies.

And

And as for yong men, which doe cheifely ſcorne
The ancient badge of famous Cuckoldrie:
It is their duty to applaud the horne,
And to defend it by their chieualrie, 380
  And at all times a Cuckolds part to take,
  Both for their credits and their kindreds ſake,
  Though now their head-peece be not fully caſt,
  Each dog muſt haue his day: No time is paſt.

Batchelers may be Cuckolds; when one is faire promiſed and an other ſpeedes.

Neither can they exempt themſelues as free,
Although in marriage they have had no doing;
At Cuckolds-hauen manie landed bee,
Euen in the verie time they go a woing:
  And ſome haue ſuch good fortune in their play
  They proue right cuckolds on their wedding day, 390
  For certaine I haue heard of ſuch a lurch
  The verie howre before they went to Church.

What perſon is he of ſo ſpeciall gift,
That can affirme he doth a Virgin Marrie?
Many a wench hath had a ſecret lift
Which of a Virgin ſtill the name doth carrie.
  In euerie corner maides there are great ſtore;
  Yet diuers of them haue beene tried before:
  A Iade in Smith-field ſooner may you find,
  Then buy a courſer, ſound of limbe and wind. 400

Wiſe is that child (the common Prouerb ſaith
Though ſcarce I doe beleeue it as my Creed)
Which ſo much knowledge of his father hath,
He can auouch, that this is hee indeed.
  For though the mother doe proteſt and ſweare
  Her huſband did beget what ſhe doth beare,
  Yet now a daies men are ſo much beguild,
  They oft proue fathers to anothers child.

This hath the vſual practiſe of this time
Made moſt apparant, and as cleare as day, 410
For when yong gentlemen be in their prime,
And giue themſelues to wantonnes and play:
If that they chance a countrey maid to pricke,
And with a Timpanie the wench grow sicke,
Then ſtraight his ſeruing-man, or hackney-foole,
Muſt be a couer to his maiſters ſtoole.

And not alone are ſeruingmen ſo mad,
To father what another hath begot,
But better perſons now and then are glad
To taſte what others put into the pot, 420
For ſcarce a wife of any gallant carriage
Doth now perſourme what ſhe hath vow'd in mar-
And ſo great vertue hath attracting gold, (riage,
Manie cannot be honeſt, though they would.

If ſome ſeeme chaſt, it doth of this proceed,
They haue the wit to doe, and not be ſpied,
And know by deepe diſſembling and good heed,
With ſober lookes their wanton luſtes to hide.
Some woemen muſt be woe'd, they are ſo chaſt,
And ſome there are which tempt poore men as faſt, 430
That to conclude, as *Arioſto* taught,
Manie of them be lewd, vnchaſt, and naught.

Herodotus.

Obſerue this yee water-caſters, & reſerue the water of chaſtitie to cure your owne blindneſse.

Phar'o, the king of *Ægypt*, being blind
For ten yeares ſpace, made triall of this matter,
When by the *Oracle* he was aſſing'd
To waſh his eies in ſuch a womans water,
Which kept her faith inuoilate and right,
And neuer had to doe with any wight
But onely with her husband: Then ſhould hee
Againe recouer ſight, and clearely ſee. 440

Manie

Manie a womans water *Phar'o* tride;
And manie a chamber-pot to him was brought,
Yet ſtill his ſight was unto him deni'd,
Becauſe the female vrine helped nought:
  Nor could his wife releaſe the wofull King
  By the diſtilling vertue of her ſpring:
  Long lay king *Phar'o* in great grief and paine,
  Deſpairing euer to haue ſight againe.

Vrinalls were not then in vſe.

And, but that one at laſt of honeſt life,
Which after manie thouſands thither came,
And was approu'd a true and faithfull wife,
A modeſt matron, and a vertuous dame,
  Reſtor'd his ſight by vertue of the fountaine,
  Which bubbled purely from her bearing moun-(taine;
  He yet had liu'd in darkneſſe, and beene blind,
  For ſuch Phiſitions ſtill are hard to find.

Here may the reader three things chiefly gather,
What ſtore of hornes were extant by this matter; 1
How hardly then a child could know his father, 2
And what the vertue was of woemens water. 3
  The firſt many might challenge as their right;
  The laſt had power to giue the blind their ſight;
  And how could children know their fathers well,
  When as their mothers truly could not tell?

Much could I wiſh, that *Phar'o* were to trie
The vertue of this medicine once againe,
That we might ſee what faith and loialtie
In married wiues doth at this day remaine.
  Sure manie of them which haue done amiſſe,
  Would ſay they had the ſtone, and could not piſſe:
  And many which we iudge could not be blamed,
  Then to make water would be much aſhamed.

Then

Then ſhould you ſee ſome woemen which make
Of pure behauiour, and great honeſtie, (ſhowe
Which will not touch a man, for ought we know,
Nor once bee ſeene in prophane companie:
Which walke in little ruffes, and ſet their face
So ſimpringly, as if they ſtill ſaid grace:
Then ſhould you ſee them by their vrinall
To bee found meerely hypocriticall. 480

Then ſhould you ſee how daintie and preciſe
Manie fine minions would be at this matter
Affirming that it could not helpe his eies,
To haue them waſhed in a womans water;
But that it was the ſuperſtitious tricke
Of ſome prophane, ungodlie Catholique,
Becauſe within the Primitiue of yore,
They neuer read of ſuch a thing before.

Then ſhould you ſee ſome men which doe deride
And ſcoffe at others wearing of the horne, 490
When their owne wiues did come for to bee tride,
How they ſhould be requited with like ſcorne;
Then manie woemen which ſeeme coie and nice,
Would be diſſemblers found by this deuice:
So that if *Pharo* now releaſt would bee,
It would be long, ere he ſhould clearly ſee.

Nath'les I will not be too cynicall,
To condemne euerie woman for this fault,
Nor for a certaine number blemiſh all.
Each beggar is not lame, though manie hault. 500
Nor euerie woman, of ſo ſmall compunction,
To violate her faith and holie function;
For many woemen (doubtleſſe) may be found
Which keep their plighted promiſe whole & ſoũd.

And

And God forbid, that wee ſhould all condemne,
Though all do taſte the tree of good and ill:
For in ſo great a number, ſome of them
Muſt needes bee honeſt (though againſt their will)
Some are for feare as modeſt as they may, (play:
And worldly ſhame which holds them from their 510
And some reſerue their loyalty vntainted,
Becauſe with Gallants they are not acquainted.

And ſome for want of more conuenient place,
And time, which for ſuch pleaſures are elected,
Preſerue themſelues from blemiſh and diſgrace;
Chiefely, becauſe they would not be ſuſpected:
And ſome for other idle vnknowne cauſe,
Obſerue a while their vowes and marriage lawes:
But very few of them, which to the laſt
For loue of honeſty continues chaſt. 520

Sometimes the golden prey doth make the theife,
And women yeeld for further maintenance:
Sometimes ſhort commons makes them ſeeke releiſe:
And ſtubborne vſage and ſterne countenance,
Perforce conſtraines a woman now and than
To ſeeke for comfort of a kinder man; (married,
And ſometime want of heartes, when handes are
Is one great cauſe, that many haue miſcarried.

For 'tis not now, as erſt in elder daies,
When marriage was contracted by affection, 530
For kindred now ſo much the matter ſwaies,
The parties haue ſmall choice in loues election;
But many times, ere one behold the other,
An vnaduiſed match the friends doe ſmother:
And howſoeuer they two can agree,
Their friends haue woo'd, & they muſt maried be.

[illegible] behold the ill humorists,
[illegible] in brawls and strife.
[illegible] Now they fancy life.
[illegible] husband he abhorres his wife 540
[illegible] the the hell confusion,
[illegible] marriage. And to make conclusion,
[illegible] humorists without bare and poore,
[illegible] humorists and beetled Whoore.

[illegible]
[illegible] I am ruined,
[illegible] be helpeed,
[illegible] mutined:
[illegible] the gate in embrace,
[illegible] embrace: 550
[illegible] guilty hand,
[illegible] burne his band.

[illegible] want of love,
[illegible] of grace,
[illegible] more,
[illegible] more grace,
[illegible] to remove,
[illegible]
[illegible] wage,
[illegible] vulture lewage 560

[illegible] we may see,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] defaite,
[illegible]
[illegible] did,
[illegible]

Here could I cote a rabble of thoſe wiues,
That you would wonder but to heare them nam'd, 570
Which whilome led ſuch lewd diſhoneſt liues,
That to remember them I am aſham'd,
  But that the multitude and mighty number,
  Were good for nothing but your eares to cũber:
  Nor neede we any proofes from graue be brought,
  We haue too many liuing which are nought.

Nor will I here their other vices ſcanne,
Which more then to a million do amount:
He that would know them, may in *Mantuan*
See a great nnmber more then I can count: 580
  As enuy, ſcolding, ſwearing, lying, pride,
  Diſſembling, and a thouſand faults beſide,
  Which I forbeare: becauſe beyond my tex',
  I would be loth thoſe louing wormes to vex.

For they are creatures, which God made, to nurſe
And comfort man; t'increaſe and multiply:
But firſt, for comfort they procur'd his curſſe,
And brought a woe to mans poſterity:
  Yet for th'increaſe which was of them required,
  They often bring forth more then are deſired: 590
  Filling their husbands barnes with others corne,
  As if to bargaine they were onely borne.

For inſtance of this truth, I can proclaime
Diuers examples which are worth the hearing:
To ſhew that wiues, before they'l looſe their game;
Will ſtill be taking vp, and fall to bearing:
  But that I feare I ſhould to much offend them,
  And yet, although I know it will not mend them,
  One I'le produce; becauſe I do not loue,
  T'affirme for truth, more then I well can proue. 600

Within the ſpacious bounds of fertile Kent, (ded)
(The Country, which for Long-tailes is commen-
Where the increaſe of Rabbets paies the rent,
And ſixe daies labour is in one day ſpended :
Whether the Citizens (when daies are faire)
Saile downe for pleaſures, and to take the aire :
T'eate plums and cheries : and about the Spring,
To heare the Nightingale and Cuckoe ſing.

There is a Towne, I liſt not tell the name,
(Nor is the naming worth a *Grauef-end* Toſt) 610
Men of all Countries trauaile through the fame,
And (if they money want) may kiſſe the poſt,
Engliſh, *Italiās*, *Turks*, *Moores*, *Spaniards*, *Germans*,
Danes, *Scots*, *French*, *Iriſh*, *Muſcouits*, and *Normans*,
And new *Virgineans*, and of euery ſort, (ſhort.
Some white, ſome blacke, ſome long-men, & ſome

Som honeſt men, ſome fools, ſome knaues, ſome wiſe,
Paſſe through this Towne, of all degrees at large,
Some thieues, ſome Tailors, which do ſtill deuiſe
New fooliſh faſhions to put men to charge. 620
Some Cittizens, ſome Cuckolds there ariues, (wiues :
Some queans, ſome Maids, ſom bawds, & ſome good
And through this Towne they trauel to the ferry,
To be conuai'd by Tilt-boate, or by Wherry.

It is the place as now I call to mind,
Where Marriners and their eſpouſed Mates,
Frollicke at farewell, while they ſtay for wind,
Which ſhould tranſport them ouer to the Straites,
It is the place whereas they kiſſe and part
With weeping eyes, and with a heauy heart, 630
Forward he goes his voyage to entend,
Backe ſhee returnes to meete a ſecret freind.

Within

Within that Towne, there whilom was an Inne,
Where man and horſe at liuerie might ſtand,
There dwelt an Hoſteſſe with a double chin,
A buxon wench, as any in the land:
  She now was old and tough, yet in her youth
  She was a morſell for a Parſons tooth;
  Tender and ſaire, and plumpe; and with the reſt
  Courteous, and kind to welcome euery gueſt. 640

And therewithall well could ſhe talke and chat,
And tell of ſaries, and doe other thinges
Her friend to pleaſure. But what matter's that;
Her husbãd knew not, where the ſhooe him wringes,
  For though ſhe was a wanton, ſhe was wiſe,
  And knew what times were fit to fall and riſe;
  And in her head this Prouerb ſtill did carry,
  Although thou be not chaſte, yet be thou charie.

And (ſure) I con her thanke and mickle praiſe
(Conſidering many of them doe ſtep a wrie) 650
That ſhe could line her ſhoes with vnder-laies
So cunningly, that few the fault did ſpie:
  For ſince at Lodam they all loue to play,
  And will play falſe, yet her commend I may,
  That ſo can ſhift great Loaders from her hand,
  No lookers on, nor gameſters vnderſtand.

What with our eies we ſee not in this caſe
We greeue not with our heart, (as people ſay)
Nor doth the Foreſter, which keepes a chaſe
(Vnleſſe he ſee men beare his game away 660
  Or by the bloud find where the Deare did fall)
  Suppoſe he wanteth anie game at all:
  For how can Warreners their conyes miſſe,
  Vnleſſe they come, iuſt when the hunting is?

But though that marriage makes moſt huſbands
Or ells of one eye all of them depriues, (blinde,
That what their leſt hand doth they cannot find,
Nor ſee the ſecret dealings of their wiues;
  Yet had my ſubtile Hoſt ſome ſmall ſuſpition
  My Hoſteſſe was too pliant of condition; 670
  But they that Innes and Ordinaries keepe
  Muſt often ſee and winke, and wake and ſleepe.

For trauaillers, when they are in their Inne,
Loue to be merry, and to make good cheare:
How ere they ſwagger, it muſt be no ſinne,
The forehead of my Hoſt muſt ſtill be cleare,
  And though they chance my Hoſteſſe for to kiſſe,
  My Hoſt muſt ſay, ther's nothing done amiſſe:
  For they will pay like Kinges, for all they take,
  And I haue dowe (Gods plentie) for my cake. 680

For what care I? or wherein am I worſe
Though others tine their candles at my light?
Or though another man doth vſe my purſe?
If ſtill my candle burne both faire and bright,
  And that my purſe returne home without tearing,
  With ſtore of monie, nothing worſe for wearing.
  For this poſition I will euer hold,
  'Tis better wedde a Baggage, then a Scold.

Thus was mine Hoſt content to let his wife
Keepe companie, and wellcome euerie gueſt, 690
No fooliſh iealouſie did ſtir vp ſtriſe,
Nor fond ſuſpition did their ſtate moleſt:
  For ſhe was merrie, and did loue to play,
  And with her mirth mine Hoſt could well away:
  For though his wife did hault, he knew as much,
  That all his neighbours wiues did need a crutch.

But

But to go forward. Now they both were old,
And paſt the pleaſures of their youthfull nature,
One child they had, more deare to them then gold,
A prettie maid, iuſt of her mothers ſtature: 700
Like her in face, in perſon, and in fauour,
Like her in qualities, and in behauiour;
In all thinges like her mother, but in one,
Her name was *Kate*; her mothers name was *Ione.*

Her father lou'd her well, becauſe he ſee
His wiues true image in his daughters face;
A forward Impe ſhe was, and like to bee
A proper woman, (if ſhe want not grace)
For to ſpeake truth, and without partialitie,
She was endu'd with manie a prettie qualitie, 710
For ſhe could ſing moſt ſweetly, dãce moſt finely,
And on her virginals ſhee plaied diuinely.

At vpper end of table, by her mother,
Dinner and ſupper, louely *Kate* did ſit,
Whereby diſcourſing ſtill with one or other
She grew to haue a prettie ready wit;
And could both ieſt, & taunt, to make a laughter,
That all men ſaid ſhee was her mothers daughter.
And ſo ſhe was; for you ſhall euer finde,
" *That crowes breed crowes: And cat will after kind.* 720

But time paſt on, and *Kate* was paſt a child,
And in the teenes about a yeare or two;
When nature, which can neuer be exil'd,
Made her conceiue, what ſhe was borne to doe.
For now vaine luſtes, and idle prouocations,
Stir'd vp her mind with looſe imaginations,
And this conceit ſtill in her fancie ran,
The chiefeſt pleaſure was to know a man.

And

And now ſhee thought (good Lord) what happy
Haue woemen allwaies after they are wed? (liues 730
How pleaſantly and merrie liue thoſe wiues,
Which haue a man to comfort them a bed?
What fools are maids, to hold that thing ſo deare,
Which lets their ſports, & grieus thē for to beare?
This I reſolue, though yet I doe not marry:
My maiden-head I will not longer carrie.

Thus courteous *Kate* decreed; and euen the beſt
(Oft times) about her yeares are ſo inclin'd:
For their virginitie doth ſo moleſt,
And is ſo great a burthen to their minde 740
That ſcarſe a maid (ſo ſoone as ſhe hath ſkill)
But keepes her maiden-head againſt her will.
And verie many of them I haue ſeene
For grief thereof grow ſicklie, and looke greene.

But *Kate* had vow'd that ſickneſſe to preuent,
And not to lead old grinning Apes in hell,
And therefore ſhe betimes to Phyſicke went
The cauſes of that maladie to quell.
And taſting of ſome drugges within a corner,
Which firſt were mixtred by th' captain *Horner*, 750
She lik'd ſo well th' Apothecaries ſtuff,
That ſhe did thinke, ſhe nere ſhould haue enough.

This Captaine *Horner* ſometimes loued *Kate*,
And ſhe likewiſe good will to him did carrie:
But priuate quarrels (ſtirring vp debate
Mine Hoſteſſe was vnwilling they ſhould marrie:
And therefore he (to leaue ſhe ſhould him mock)
Gaue A[illegible] [illegible] with a priuate knocke:
Of which [illegible] good a [illegible]
That al were [illegible] 760
Behold

Behold a womans vnreſtrained thirſt,
Her greedy appetite, and great deſire:
After that ſhe hath broke the hedge at firſt,
And taſted of the fruite that all require:
  Her minde is ſo vnbounded without meaſure,
  That ſhe is neuer ſatisfied with pleaſure,
  But ſtill (like to the graue) for more doth cry,
  Or (like the horſe-leach) which is euer dry.

In ſuch a gaping caſe was wanton *Kate*,
After that ſhe had taſted of the potions, 770
Which Doctor Captaine *Horner* gaue her late,
To bridle and repreſſe her youthfull motions:
  For though ſhe did deſire to drinke before,
  Yet now her thirſt increaſed ten times more.
  For after we haue found the ſweete of ſinne,
  We worſe refraine, then when we did beginne.

Thus *Kate* gaue bridle to her liberty,
And (when occaſion ſerued) made not dainty,
For ſhee had put her ſelfe in ieopardy,
To try the battell at the leaſt with twenty: 780
  And ſhe was growne ſo ſkilfull in her play,
  That very few went conquerors away:
  But they that with ſo many haue about,
  Shall ſometimes haue the worſt I make no doubt.

'Tis bad in ſickneſſe to haue diuers Doctors:
Their ſundry medicines will but make thee worſe:
In law 'tis fooliſh to fee many Proctors,
For ſome will harme thy cauſe and hurt thy purſe:
  So 'tis no wiſedome in a wanton maide,
  To vſe her pleaſures, as a common trade, 790
  And make her paſtimes like her occupation,
  Which were inuented for her recreation.

So long the pitcher home doth water fetch,
That by ſome knocke it broken doth returne:
So long the flye doth at the candle cletch,
That in concluſion ſhee her wings doth burne:
  So long a wench may Phyſicke vſe to take
  To cure the griping of her belly-ake,
  That ſhe may ſurfet in ſuch dangerous caſe,
  As ſhe will be the worſe a twelue-months ſpace. 800

Thus it befell to *Kate*, that was ſo frolicke:
Her bucket now was broken at the well,
Shee now complain'd that ſhe had got the collicke,
And maruailled much to ſee her belly ſwell:
  Her mother gaue her drinkes, and with a charme
  Did clap the pot-lid to her belly warme,
  To kill the wormes. But all her meanes are vaine,
  They are no wormes that put her to ſuch paine.

Sometimes about the ſtomacke griefe ſhe feeles,
And ſometimes of her backe ſhee doth complaine, 810
Sometimes a quicke thing in her with two heeles,
She thinkes doth ſtirre, which maks her feare againe
  She is with child: but yet ſhe doth not know,
  For it may be her guts, that tumble ſo:
  Or it may be with fatneſſe and with wind,
  That ſhe growes big before, and broad behind.

But now ſhe did beginne to long for Cherries,
For Codlings, Peſcodes, and for Apple-pies:
And now ſhe fame would eate ſome Gooſeberries,
And euery thing which came before her eyes; 820
  Or others told her of, or ſhe could name,
  She ſtill deſired for to taſte the ſame.
  So that the Mother ſeeing this effect,
  Somewhat began her daughter to ſuſpect

And

And one day taking *Katherine* aſide,
Into the Parlour or ſome priuate place,
She gan to tell her that ſhe had eſpide
Both by the change of coulour in her face,
  And by her longing for ſo many things,
  And by the griping, which her ſtomacke wrings, 830
  That ſomewhat in her body was amiſſe;
  And therefore, *Kate*, come tell me what it is.

Tell me (quoth ſhe) and doe not hide thy fault,
And if thou haſt offended, let me know it,
'Tis hard before a Cripple for to halt:
For I perceiue, although thou wilt not ſhew it,
  That thou haſt bene too buſy with a man,
  And art with child; deny it if thou can:
  Tell me, for though we cannot helpe the ſame,
  Yet by preuention we may hide thy ſhame. 840

Kate, which knew well her Mother was too wiſe,
To be diſſembled with in ſuch a caſe,
Thought it was bootleſſe for to blind her eies,
Which could diſcerne her folly by her face,
  And therefore on her knees ſhe fell before her,
  And for remiſſion did with teares implore her,
  And ſince deniall could no comfort bring,
  She plainely told her Mother euery thing.

And firſt ſhe told her: how that Captaine *Horner*
Before he trauaill'd to the New-found Land, 850
By chance did meete her in a ſecret corner,
And preſt her for a ſouldier of his band:
  And how that diuers other men of Armes,
  Beſieg'd her afterwards with freſh alarm's;
  But who had blowne her vp, and made her ſwell,
  Mother (quoth ſhe) in truth I cannot tell.

Now *Benedicite*, her Mother ſaid,
And haſt thou bene already such a Twigger,
I durſt haue ſworne thou hadſt bene yet a Maid,
And would'ſt haue bene ſo till thou hadſt bin bigger. 860
Art thou begot with child, and can'ſt not gather,
Out of ſo many, one, to be the father?
Nor any but the Captaine can'ſt thou name,
Which long ſince went to ſea? Now fy for ſhame.

With that ſhe ſhooke her head and bent her brows,
As if ſhe had bene angry; when behold,
Mine Hoſt comes in, to whom mine Hoſteſſe ſhewes
Their daughters ſad miſchance, (as hath bene told)
Which when hee heard; ſetting his cap aſide,
He was ſo angry that he could not chide: 870
At last he ſaid: And hath ſhe plaid the whoore?
Fy on her, Baggage, turne her out of dore.

Mine Hoſteſſe, ſeeing him to grow ſo hot,
Stept out, and ſpake to him with ſpeeches milde,
Deſiring him, although there were a blot,
He would remember that ſhe was their child:
And not to caſt her off, for one fault paſt;
For neither is ſhe firſt nor will be laſt,
Of good mens children (ſure I thinke as ſhee)
That in their youth offend in this degree. 880

But husband (quoth ſhe) 'tis no time to brawle:
Wee all haue faults, and need for to amend:
The deed is done, and wordes cannot recall
That which is paſt, nor bring it to an end:
Many that now ſeemes honeſt in their liues,
Haue done as much, before that they were wiues.
'Tis true (quoth he) But this is too too vilde,
She knowes not who is father to her childe.

If

If ſhe could name the Sire, I did not care;
For by their marriage ſhe might hide her ſhame. 890
Although he were a begger poore and bare,
Or if he were a cripple, blind and lame,
  Or whoſoeuer, if ſhe knew the father,
  And could produce him, I could beare the rather:
  But neither knowing him, nor his abiding,
  This is a wonder worthie of deriding.

Lord (quoth mine Hoſteſſe) what a coile you keepe!
Was neuer other woman ſo beguild?
Some I haue heard haue beene conceiu'd a ſleepe,
And neuer knew the Father of their child. (ſmother, 900
  And ſome haue ſuch good lucke their ſaults to
  That they will lie with one, then wed another.
  And wonder not, becauſe ſhe hath miſcarried,
  For ſhe's as good a maid, as moſt are married.

We all haue faultes: and 'tis a womans nature
To loue a man: She hath but done her kind,
For when that I was yong, about her ſtature,
I was unto the ſport as well inclin'd
  As others were: for we haue all beene ſinners,
  And ſometimes loue it better then our dinners, 910
  But God forgiue vs all. Both we and you,
  When we are yong, will doe as others doe.

Well (quoth mine Hoſt) I tell thee once againe:
Theſe thinges are not the point whereon I ſtand;
Let me but know the man, which tooke the paine
To ſowe his ſeed in her vnfallowed land,
  And I am pleaſ'd; and will doe all I can
  To haue her quickly married to that man.
  Within her furrowes haue there plow'd ſo manie,
  That for to reape the crop ſhe knowes not anie? 920

And what of that? mine Hoſteſſe then repli'd:
Can it be holpen now with wordes or winde?
Fitter it were for vs to ſeeke to hide
Her ſhame, before the world the ſame doe finde,
  Then like a paire of fooles to prate and chat
  Vnto no purpoſe, of I know not what:
  One man ſhe knowes; but he is ſuch a knaue,
  With my conſent ſhe neuer ſhall him haue.

And who is he (replide mine Hoſt at laſt),
For whom your liking doth no better ſtand? 930
'Tis Captaine *Horner*, which ſome 6. months paſt
(Quoth ſhe) went this way to the New-found land.
  But he's ſo great an vnthrift, that he would
  Conſume this houſe, if it were full of gold:
  And he's a Papiſt, and I wiſh her quicke
  Laid vnder ground, then wed a Catholique.

Surely (quoth hee) 'tis ſtrange to ſee your minde,
That hee (whom in times paſt you did commend
To be an honeſt thriftie man, and kinde,
And who hath euer been our ſpeciall friend) 940
  Should now ſo far be caſt out of your fauour:
  That, though the fitteſt be that he ſhould haue her,
  (All things conſider'd) yet you are ſo turned,
  Before ſhe be his wife, you'd wiſh her burned.

But howſoeuer of the man you deeme,
Or what conceit is come into your minde,
I cannot tell; yet he to mee doth ſeeme,
(For I will ſpeake no worſe then I doe finde)
  To be a ciuile gentleman of carriage,
  And like to doe as well as ſhe in marriage: 950
  And (by report) he hath a heauie purſe,
  [illegible] God [illegible] daughter doe no worſe.

But

But 'tis no matter; once he would haue had her,
And then ſhe muſt not looke on Captaine *Horner*:
Now ſhe is puft, and blowne vp in the bladder,
And now there is no doubt, but he doth ſcorne her,
  And yet your anger is ſo furious ſtill,
  He ſhall not marrie her with your good will,
  I thinke a woman is a ſpright infernall,
  If once ſhe hate, her malice is eternall. 960

It had been better that a chimny-ſweeper
Had married her, if they two had affected,
Though we had after beene compel'd to keepe her,
Then with this ſhamefull deed to be detected.
  For by that meanes, though he were ne're ſo baſe,
  She might haue lookt her neighbours in the face,
  And now we both may keep her for our ſtore,
  And ſhe ſhall euer bee eſteem'd a whore.

Yet in my iudgement, the beſt remedy
That I can finde to couer her offence, 970
Is, that in haſt wee ſend her priuily
Vnto our friends or kindred, far from hence,
  Where for a ſeaſon ſhe ſhall make abode,
  Vntill that ſhe bee eaſed of her lode;
  And after that the child is put to nurſe,
  She may returne, a maide no iot the worſe.

There like a wife ſhall ſhe herſelfe attire,
And ſo ſhall blinde the Countrie with a wile:
Here we will ſay, if any doe enquire,
She's gone to ſoiourne with our freindes a while: 980
  And when the child is bigger, and can runne,
  We will maintaine it as our cozens ſonne;
  And 'tis no newes, for I haue knowne a dozen,
  Which kept their baſtards, & did call them cozen.

But

But if the matter chance to be deſcri'd,
And that it be divulged in the Towne,
Some honeſt place we will for her prouide
At *London*, where ſhe ſhall remaine vnknowne;
And there (as Country-men doe vſe to ieſt)
Shee'l be a Maid, as good as is the beſt; 990
For 'tis a vſuall practice and a wittie,
To ſend vp broken veſſels to the Cittie.

Old hats, old clokes, and other ſuch old ware,
Bought at the ſecond hand, and almoſt worne,
The Citizens dreſſe vp, and tricke them faire,
And ſell them vnto Country-men in ſcorne:
Againe, the Country-men in lew of this
Send vp their wenches, that haue done amiſſe,
Crackt maides, groſſe widdowes, and ſuch broken
Are good enough to marrie Cittie-Gulls. (Truls, 1000

For I haue knowne ſome wenches that haue borne
Tow or 3 baſtards (at the leaſt) a peece,
So that they were derided, had in ſcorne,
And hooted at, as if they had been Geeſe;
And after all theſe mockes, and much a doe
Haue gone to *London* but a yere or two, (Maides,
And there within ſhort time haue proau'd good
And been well married vnto men of Trades.

Therefore this courſe is good, if you thinke fit,
For firſt abroade ſhe ſhall be ſafe deliuered, 1010
So that our neighbours ſhall not know of it,
And if her follie be at home diſcouered,
Then vnto *London* may ſhe quickly wend,
To take ſuch fortune there, as God well ſend;
Yet if that I might rule the roſt, much rather
I wiſh that *Horner* might the baſtard father.

That

That *Horner* might! replied mine Hoſteſſe then,
I wonder why ſo much you talke of him:
In faith I could not loue him of all men,
He lookes ſo blacke, ſo rigorous and grim: 1020
  Beſides, he hath no Trade to liue vpon,
  Nor lands to keepe him, when the wars are done.
  And there's another thing, which I like worſe,
  All his wiues ſpending muſt come from his purſe.

Oh, it will grieue a woman to the heart,
For euery farthing that ſhe doth beſtow,
To make account, how ſhe did it impart,
So that her huſband muſt of all things know:
  For we haue many ſecret meanes to ſpend,
  Which are not fit our huſbands ſhould intend: 1030
  For if that of them all they notice had,
  The moſt of them (I feare) would run ſtarke mad.

It is your Cittizen, which keeps his wife,
Gorgeous and gallant, with all prodigality:
Shee liues at pleaſure; leads a merry life;
Sits in her ſhop with all formality:
  He hath a myſtery which ſeldome failes;
  And ſhe a great allowance by her vailes;
  Her cob-web lawne, the altering of her wings,
  Come from her vailes, with many other things. 1040

And truely it is wonderfull to heare
How some of them will brag of their great vailes:
Boaſting they gather 40 poundes by yeare,
From the pill'd ſcrapings of a few ſheepes tailes:
  And ſome from ſhreds, and hornes, and ſuch like
  Are able euery weeke to buy a ruffe: (ſtuffe:
  That (ſure) I thinke them in their hattes as good,
  As Gentle-women in their veluet-hood.

Indeed the Gentle-woemen looke more high,
And of the Cittizens will take the wall; 1050
Yet haue they but their penſion quarterly,
To keepe themſelues, and finde their houſe withall:
If they want trifles, or would be more braue,
Out of houſe-keeping they muſt pinch and ſaue:
They haue their coaches, and great Vardingales,
But Tradesmens wiues haue often better vailes.

And certainely, if I may haue my will,
A Cittizen ſhall marry her, or none,
And therefore if you haue no better skill,
Or care not whom ſhe haue: Let me alone, 1060
I'le fee, if I a husband can prouide
The child to father, and her ſhame to hide:
And though I know not whoſe it is by right,
It ſhould be father'd, ere it come to light.

Nor will I ſtand ingag'd to any friend,
To be a Maſque to couer our diſgrace:
Nor vnto *London* after ſhall ſhe wend,
To make her honeſter by ſhifting place:
For theſe are fooliſh ſhifts, & common meanes,
Practiſ'd by none, but ordinary Queanes, (hide, 1070
And though a while theſe trickes their faults may
Yet at the length their ſhame will be deſcri'd.

No, this deuiſe too much in vſe is growne,
And will not hold out water to the laſt:
For 'tis no queſtion, but it will be knowne,
Then all our fat into the fire is caſt,
And ſhe vndone: For no man but a Daſtard,
Will loue a woman, which hath borne a Baſtard;
Nor ſhall you finde a man will wed a Whoore,
If he can learne that ſhe was ſo before. 1080

And

And therefore, huſband, take a fooles aduice,
And if you loue our credit, and her good,
Prouide a husband for her in a trice,
Before that her offence be vnderſtood :
  You know ſhe is our onely child and heire ;
  And (though I ſay't) well fauoured and faire,
  And there are many yong men that do watch,
  And would be glad to light on ſuch a match.

Firſt there is maiſter *Peter* at the Bell,
A Linnin-draper and a wealthy man : 1090
Then Maiſter *Thomas*, that doth ſtockings ſell :
And *George* the Grocer, at the Frying-pan :
  And Maiſter *Tymothie* the Wollen-draper,
  And Maiſter *Salomon*, the Leather-ſcraper :
  And Maiſter *Franke* the Gold-ſmith at the Roſe ;
  And Maiſter *Phillip* with the fiery Noſe.

And Maiſter *Miles* the Mercer at the Harrow :
And Maiſter *Nick* the Silke-man at the Plow :
And Maiſter *Giles* the Salter at the Sparrow :
And Maiſter *Dicke* the Vintner at the Cow : 1100
  And *Harry* Haberdaſher at the Horne :
  And *Oliuer* the Dier at the Thorne :
  And *Bernard* Barbor-ſurgeon, at the Fiddle :
  And *Moſes* Merchantailor at the Needle.

And Maiſter *Hercules* the Iron-monger,
(Some ſay that he is worth 2000. pound) Of old Iron.
And Maiſter *Iames* that ſells freſh Cod and Conger :
And Maiſter *Roger* Scriuener at the Hand :
  And Maiſter *Anthony* th'Apothecary :
  All which would willingly our daughter marry ; 1110
  With diuers others that I know beſide,
  Which would be glad to haue her for their (Bride.

All thefe are Cittizens, and well to liue:
The worft of them is worth 300 pound;
And with our daughter we as much will giue;
Then feare not, but a husband may be found:
For (fure) among fo many we fhall find,
(Doubtleffe) fome one or other for our mind,
And yet to choofe one man before the reft,
Hercules. The Iron-monger I do fancy beft. 1120

For he is wealthy (and I craue no more)
And with our daughters loue is ftrong infected;
He hath made diuers motions heretofore,
Though hitherto he hath not bene refpected:
Still he purfues his fuite, and is her louer,
And he will fitly ferue her fault to couer:
Therefore the next time that he doth come hither,
Let's knit the knot, and tye them faft together.

I fee (replyed mine Hoft) it is no lie:
The yong Cocke after th' old Cocke learnes to crow: 1130
Well may our daughter tread her fhoes awry,
If like vnto her Mother fhe doth grow.
Yet fince I heare that fhe hath done no more,
Then (almoft) all the kind hath done before,
I am content to do what fhall be fit:
Broche you the meate, and I will turne the fpit.

Thus was the plot fet downe and all agreed,
That Maifter *Hercules* fhould be deceiu'd,
And that it fhould be brought to paffe with fpeed,
Before it could be known fhee was conceiu'd. 1140
Behold yee Citizens what is concluded,
Whereby your fimpleneffe might be deluded!
Hereafter more aduifedly beware,
To fet vp fhop with fuch like broken ware.

Now

Now Maiſter *Hercules*, that little knew
What ſubtile ſtratagems were lately plotted:
Whither it was, that Cuckolds lucke him drew:
(Which none can ſhun) or loue had him beſotted,
I cannot at this preſent well diſcuſſe,
But in concluſion it did happen thus; 1150
After 2. daies to Billinſgate he went,
And ouer-ſea ſet forward into *Kent*.

The Tide that morning fell at fower a clocke,
Two howers at leaſt, before the day did ſpring
Manie good morrowes had the cheareſull Cocke
Chanted to Cuckolds, clapping with his wing:
Good morrow maiſter *Hercules* he cried:
Be ſtirring early, or you looſe your Tide.
Take Tide in time. The Tide for none will ſtay.
Good morrow Cuckolds: Neighbors al good day. 1160

Thus ſang the Cock. But he more vigilant
Then is the Cocke, was watchfull like a Cat;
Which hauing ſound the hole, and vſuall hant
Of ſome delicious Mouſe, or nimble Rat,
Still pries and peepes, and neuer can be quiet,
Liſtning and watching when ſhe may eſpy it;
And though ſhe winke, no reſt her eies can finde
The Mouſe doth runne ſo much within her minde.

Euen ſo lay maiſter *Hercules* that night,
Telling the clocke, and could not ſleepe a winke, 1170
The loue of *Kate* did haunt him like a ſpright,
And ſtill vpon his iourney he doth thinke.
No ſooner had the clocke reſounded three,
But from his bed he ſtarted ſuddenly;
And in his braue new ſuite leapt out of dores,
And ran to Billinſgate, and there tooke Ores.

Blacke gloomie cloudes did ouer-ſpread the skie,
And foggy vapours did obſcure the aire,
So that the Water-men could not deſcrie
(Almoſt) which way they ſhould conduct their fare, 1180
For ſuch thicke miſts vpon the water fell,
It was as darke as if it had been hell:
But hee, to whom faire *Katerin* did giue light,
Would haue aduentured in a darker night.

For as that famous *Hercules* of old,
For his friends ſake to *Pluto's* kingdome went:
Euen ſo this other *Hercules* the bold,
For his faire *Kate* did ferrie into *Kent*,
And without Moone or Star his way to guide,
Couragiouſly ſaild forward in great pride, 1190
Dreading no dangers of the darkeſome night,
No Oules, Hobgoblins, Ghoſts, nor water-ſpright.

For loue did make him bold and valiant,
Feareleſſe of *Neptune*, and his Trident Mace:
No cloudes, nor miſtie darkeneſſe could him dant,
Nor ſtorms, nor tempeſts make him turne his face:
But though it was ſo darke, they could not ſee
Before their bote, aboue two yardes or three,
Yet forward with great courage did he flote,
And ſung this dittie ſitting in the bote. 1200

Fortune my foe, why doſt thou frowne this night?
Yee lowring heauens, why doe yee looke ſo darke?
Though neither Moone nor Stars do giue vs light,
Yet little *Cupid* doth conduct our barke.
And he will bring mee where my true-loue is,
That face to face we may confer and kiſſe:
For as the Moone amongſt the Stars doth ſhine,
So 'mongſt all Maides doth beauteous *Katherine*.

Thou

Thou little God, that with thy golden arrowe
Didſt wound my heart, and mad'ſt my bellie rumble, 1210
Giue me the courage of a yong Cocke-ſparrowe,
That precious *Kate* with valour I may tumble.
Oh that my wordes may be ſo eloquent,
That I may tickle her with complement!
Oh peirce her (pretie *Cupid*) with thy ſting,
That I may pricke her with another thinge.

My louely *Kate*, which ſleepeſt at thy eaſe,
And doeſt not dreame, that I to thee come ſliding,
Would I were partner with the skipping fleas
Which in thy bed with thee haue their abiding: 1220
I would not bite thee in that grieuous ſort,
But hip and skip, and kiſſe, to make thee ſport.
For as the pricklings of the roſe bring pleaſure;
So ſhould my ticklinges be eſteem'd a treaſure.

Yee bold Corriualls, which doe loue my *Kate*,
Leaue off your wooing, and giue mee the way,
My valiant heart in loue admits no mate,
Before I looſe her, I will kill and ſlay.
For as the mightie *Hercules* ran mad,
And for a woman loſt the wits he had: 1230
So If I haue her not, I greatly feare,
I ſhall run mad, or elſe goe verie neare.

Thus did he ſing: and further would haue chanted,
But that a ſuddain feare his note did ſtay,
Stopping his voice, and ſo his ſpirits daunted,
That hee (poore man) could neither ſing nor ſay.
For iuſt againſt the leaueleſſe forked tree,
Which euerie paſſenger deſires to ſee,
Whereon the Armes of Cuckoldrie appeares,
There was he ducked ouer head and eares. 1240

The

The reaſon was; becauſe an other barke
Comming from Court at *Greenewich* with a fare,
And not deſcrying th'other in the darke,
Met them ſo ſtrongly ere they were aware,
  That maiſter *Hercules* without a word
  Was caſt to fiſh for Salmons ouer bord;
  And both his Mariners cloſe at his heeles
  Did followe him for Lampries, and for Eeles.

The other bote far better fortune had,
And with a little ſtaggering kept her head, 1250
But maiſter *Hercules*, whoſe lucke was bad,
Sunke to the bottom, like a lumpe of lead;
  Yet there perceiuing, ere he further went,
  It would not be the readie way to *Kent*,
  With hands and feet he daſhed and he waued,
  And like a ruſhing Porpoiſe him behaued.

Vpward he heau'd his bodie from the ground,
And plung'd as proudly as a water-dog:
Loth was he at that preſent to be drownd,
Though he could ſwimme no more then can a log. 1260
  For life is ſweet, and he would gladly ſaue it,
  Nor would it looſe, ſo long as he can haue it:
  And therefore 'tis no meruaill if he ſtriue
  With all his might to keepe himſelfe aliue.

He ſtrikes the water, and would gladly ſwim,
But there was one thing did his ſwimming let:
His head was heauie, and did trouble him,
And out of water that he could not get.
  And therefore now he greatly gan to feare,
  That without doubt he ſhould be drowned there, 1270
  And (ſure) except ſome lucky chance betide,
  An other father *Katherine* muſt prouide

For

For Maiſter *Hercules* was now growne faint,
And now his breath no longer could containe,
And now in heart he ſigh'd, and made complaint,
That he ſhould neuer ſee his loue againe:
  Yet here behold! when he was moſt in doubt,
  Deſparing euer that he ſhould get out,
  Then was his ſuccour neareſt to his hand,
  To ſaue his life and bring him to the Land. 1280

O valiant *Hercules*, thou Champion bold,
Couragious ſuiter vnto louely *Kate*,
Feare not (braue man) but quickly take faſt hold;
Good fortune at thy elbow doth awaite:
  Put vp thy hand and apprehend that Oare,
  Which for thy ſuccour houers thee before:
  Dread not that death can deſteny withſtand,
  At Cuckolds-Hauen thou ſhalt quickly land.

A happy Oare did happen then to ſwimme,
Vnto the place where *Hercules* did diue, 1290
Which was a meanes moſt fortunate to him,
His preſeruation thereby to contriue:
  For as he plunged in that pitteous plight,
  His handes by chance vpon the Oare did light,
  Which he held faſt, and lifting vp his head,
  Help friendes (he cride) or elſe I am but dead.

The other Boate, which was not farre away,
Hearing him call, drew to him by the ſound,
And finding him at laſt in that array,
Much like a Rat that had bene almoſt drown'd, 1300
  They lift him vp, and on his feete him reared,
  Which lookt as though he had been lately feared,
  Or rather like the picture of a Ghoſt,
  Pale, ſpeachleſſe, ſtaring, ſtanding like a poſt,

His limbes for cold did quake; his teeth did clatter,
And from the dropping Cifternes of his breech
Downe both his trembling legs ran forth the water,
And he for feare was almoft void of fpeech:
But coming to himfelfe and there efpying,
That his apparell ftood in need of drying, 1310
And that his ioints were ftiffe, and wanted fire,
To be conuaide to fhore he did defire.

Angry he was in minde fo to be wet,
And therefore thought at firft with them to brawle;
He faw thofe were the men that had them met,
And in the water ouerthrowne them all:
But when he did confider in the end,
That quarrels would not this mifchance amend,
He wifely them intreated in good fort,
That to fome Hauen they would him tranfport. 1320

Cuckolds Hauen.

Not farre from thence there was a landing place,
A Port of great report throughout our Nation,
Which latter times haue branded with difgrace,
With termes of flander, fhame and deteftation;
Though heretofore it was a place of reft,
Where married men were fortunate and bleft,
And where the Horne-aboundant did beftow,
Riches and honour both to high and low.

There whilome did a famous Temple ftand,
To Lady Fortune fometimes dedicate, 1330
Where all the horned perfons of the land,
Did once a yeare conuene to celebrate;
But chiefly Cittizens; vpon whofe Crowne,
Fortune her bleffings moft did tumble downe:
And in whofe eares (as all the world doth know)
The Horne of great Aboundance ftill doth blow.

Within

Within this Church an image was erected,
Which did the Lady Fortune reprefent,
Crowned with mighty Hornes, to be refpected,
For worth, for beauty, and for ornament: 1340
All guilded and befet with pretious ftones,
Which far were fetcht beyond the burning Zones:
So bright with thefe fair ſton's the horns did flame,
That none but married men could fee the fame.

Within her lap whole bundles there did lie,
Of earthly bleffings, and terreftriall ioyes;
Wealth, honour, pride, acquaintance, vanity,
Wiues, weddings, night-caps, and a thoufand toies;
All which in fuch aboundance fhe did caft,
(But chiefly on the Citizens) fo faft, 1350
That with the weight, fo ponderous and fo great,
Many of them about the browes did fweate.

With one of her faire hands fhe marriage made,
And coupled two together, man and wife;
With th' other hand a paire of hornes fhe laid
Vpon the husbands head for all his life:
Then all the bleffings, which her placket filled,
She feem'd to fhake, and on his head diftilled,
The reafon was (obferue it now and then)
That Cuckolds often are the wealthieft men. 1360

A horned Altar ftood before her face,
Old dotards here which mary youthfull wiues;
And all old woemen, void of wit and grace,
Depriu'd of fhame, and weary of their liues:
Which wed yong boies, had wont to facrifice,
For fortunes fauour at their enterprife:
On whom by right fhe alwaies did beftow,
Helmets of hornes, to beare off euery blow.

And at this Shrine did offer of each ſort:
All thoſe, which hauing ſpent abroad their ſtocke, 1370
At home haue nothing to renew the ſport,
But by their wiues lie ſenceleſſe like a blocke:
They and their wiues did here both offrings make,
And each receiued hornes for th' others ſake:
For try who will, The prouerbe ſtill doth threate,
Who ſtrikes with ſword, the ſcabbard ſhall him beat.

And here did offer many a ſapleſſe Sot,
Whoſe frigid nature, wanting moiſture due,
Made his wiues tillage proue a barren plot,
Till fortunes hand with hornes did him endue: 1380
But after that his offering here was made,
The fruitleſſe ſoile which was for barren laid,
Without his husbandry or helping hand,
Oft prou'd more fertile, then he would demand.

This place was famous, and of great report,
Vntill *Wat Tyler* (as ſome bookes haue ſaid)
With all the rabble of the *Kentiſh* ſort,
Hauocke and ſpoile through all the country made.
Then was this ſtately Temple ouerthrowne,
The Image and the Altar caſt quite downe; 1390
All things deſac't, and topſie-turuy turned,
Fortune diſgrac't, and all her horns were burned.

Thus Fortunes Temple fell: for what can ſtand,
Againſt ſo wilfull, and ſo wild a crue?
Where loue, nor faith, nor fortune can command,
Nor care, nor feare of dangers that enſue:
But Fortune, angry this great ſpoile to ſee,
And ſore incenſed with this iniury,
With ſuch reuenge the raſcall Rebels followes,
That moſt of thẽ ſhe made to climb the gallowes. 1400

The

The reſt, which by remiſſion of the King,
Eſcap'd the halter and the fatall Tree,
She likewiſe plagued with another thing
(Foule ſhame to them and their poſteritie)
For from their backe-parts neere about their
Did ſpring a lothſome & deformed lumpe, (rump
Couer'd with haire; which growing pẽdent down
Shew'd like the taile of Munckie or Babowne.

Thus was that raſh and rebell crew of *Kent*,
Plagued with tailes of wondrous admiration, 1410
And ſo continued downe-ward by deſcent
From man to man, by many a generation:
And though they curtail'd them, or did them pare,
It could not helpe; They grew againe as faire,
And hereupon a long time to their ſhame,
They and their race of long-tailes had the name.

Long time thoſe long-tailes did remaine in *Kent*,
Aſhamed of themſelues; and monſters deemed,
And no deuice could finde for to preuent,
And rid their tailes that ſo deformed ſeemed. 1420
But ſtill the more they laboured to auoid them,
The longer ſtill they grew, and more annoid them:
Vntill a man of Art by skill did find
The meanes to cure their maladie behind.

Who ſitting one day in his priuate cell,
Casting an eye vpon his *Kentiſh* taile,
With incantations of a Magick-ſpell,
Able to make great *Rhadamanthus* quaile,
He coniur'd vp a ſpirit; and charge'd him tell
The firſt occaſion how this ſhame befell, 1430
And by what meanes they might the ſame eſcape,
And bring their buttockes to their ancient ſhape.

The fiend repli'd, I can thee plainly tell,
This ſhame attendes you for your ſires offence:
For when in former times they did rebell,
They Fortunes Image vſ'd with violence:
  Defac'd her famous Temple, and in ſcorne
  Conſum'd with fier her guilded Crowne of Horne,
  Whereat diſpleaſ'd for them and for their ſeed,
  Fortune this puniſhment of Tailes decreed. 1440

If therefore from the ignominious ſtaine
Of long-taild *Kentiſhmen* you would be free:
Endeuour Fortunes fauour to regaine,
That ſhe may cure your great deformitie:
  And for her Image, which was erſt deiected,
  Let ſome faire Monument be there erected,
  That your ſubmiſſion may with her preuaile,
  To the conſumption of each *Kentiſh* taile.

Hereat the ſpirit vaniſht out of ſight,
And left the Inchanter muſing: which with ſpeede 1450
Aſſembled all the long-tailes, that there might
By wiſedome and aduiſement be decreed,
  What Image, portrature, or Monument
  Were for this purpoſe moſt conuenient
  To pacifie the Goddeſſe, and redreſſe
  Their beaſtlie back-partes, and vncomelineſſe.

At *Canterburie* met this congregation
From euerie Towne and village within *Kent:*
Where after much ingenious conſultation,
It was at laſt concluded by conſent, 1460
  That on the fertile bankes of that faire floud,
  Where fortunes famous Image whilom ſtood,
  An horned Piller there they would exalt
  T'appeaſe the Goddeſſe for their fathers falt.

And

And, that it might be done with more refpect,
And Fortunes greater honour; they decree,
That at the time, when this fhould take effect,
Great ftore of *Kentishmen* in their degree,
  Knightes, gentlemen and yeomen of the beft,
  Of common people, fhould be readie dreft, 1470
  In all their braue accoutrements, to grace
  The forked Piller to the fore-faid place.

The 18. of October was proclaim'd *Saint Luke's day.*
To be the day of this great celebration.
Againft which time, each long taile before nam'd,
Made much prouifion and great preparation,
  And vnto *Canterburie* tooke their way,
  There to be ready at th' appointed day,
  To giue attendance in moft fumptuous manner
  On fortunes Piller, with all pompe and honour. 1480

Now was the inftant come to play this prize,
The day of good Saint *Luke*; which was of old
The time, when men were wont to facrifice
At Fortunes Temple, (as before was told)
  Chofen the rather, that their Prefent might
  Better refpected be in Fortunes fight:
  And that fhe might behold with what defire
  They were conform'd to pacifie her ire.

And now the long-tailes in their beft array,
Preuenting the Sun-rifing by their haft, 1490
Affembled were, before the dawning day
Had nights blacke curtaines from the skie difplaft,
  The thundring drums did rattle through the towne,
  To fummon euery gentleman and Clowne:
  All which no fooner heard that lowd Alar'me,
  But like to Bees together they did fwarme.

When

When loe! a glorious Poſt you might behold,
Fairer then any ſtake in Grayes-Inne feild,
Or the large paſtures of Saint *Georges* hold,
Or *Finſburie*, or *Iſlington* can yeild; 1500
  Which in a cart (as theeues to hanging ride)
  Are thither brought by Archers in great pride,
  Guarded with gunners, bil men, and a rout
  Of Bow men bold, which at a cat doe ſhoot.

Forgiue mee, Fortune, that I doe compare
Thoſe painted poſtes with thy renowned Piller;
Thoſe gaudie ſtakes which for no purpoſe are,
But roving markes for Long bows and for Tiller:
  For euen ſo much for beautie, worth and gloſſe,
  As Croſſe in Cheape excels old Charing-Croſſe, 1510
  So much and ten times more this peereleſſe ſtake
  Exceeds thoſe Poſtes which Archers vſe to make.

For not within a Carmans durtie Cart,
(As if it weare to Tiburne) was it laid;
Nor plaiſterd ouer with the Painters Art,
Which with a ſhower of raine is ſeene to fade:
  Nor on the top a Cat-Amount was framed,
  Or ſom wilde beaſt which nere before was tamed,
  Made at the charges of ſome Archers ſtout
  To haue his name canonized in the clout. 1520

Vpon a chariot was this Piller mounted,
(A chariot framed of the pureſt Horne,)
Whoſe workmanſhip here cannot be recounted,
It was ſo curious, fine, on foure wheeles borne:
  Two Gotes firſt drew this chariot, then 2 Rams,
  Two Vnicornes then followed, tame as Lambes,
  Laſtly, 2. ſober Oxen with ſlowe pace
  Held vp the chariots head with horned face.

The

The piller was of wood, all guilded faire,
Befet (like pretious ftones) with ftuds of horne: 1530
Vpon the top did ftand a goodly paire,
Fairer than any Cukold erft hath worne:
From whence two liuely trees did feeme to grow,
Bearing all forts of fruit: to make vs know,
That howfoeuer fooles their fortune fcorne,
Profit and pleafure both fpring from the Horne.

Now drums and trumpets fill the aire with thunder;
When firft the chariot gan to moue her wheeles:
Now Canons and Caleeuers feem'd to thunder,
Then fhoutes and clamour followed at the heeles: 1540
The Clergy firft before the Coach did fing;
The Waites did play, & all the bels did ring, (ris,
Bag-pips plai'd horn-pips, fom did dance the Mor-
Some wind their horns, & fome with cornets florifh.

Before the Chariot all the married went,
According to their place and due degree:
Behind it all the Batchelours of *Kent*;
Marched in order very gallantly:
Befide all thefe fo great a troupe, and throng,
Did fill the paffage as they went along, 1550
That many were fore thruft and wanted breath,
And fome were crowded hard, but not to death.

For as you fee vpon that folemne day, (ried,
When as the Pageants through Chepefide are car-
What multitudes of people thither fway,
Thrufting fo hard, that many haue mifcaried.
If then you marke when as the fire-workes flye,
And Elephants and Vnicornes paffe by,
How mighty and tumultuous is that preffe,
Such were thofe throngings, and no iot the leffe. 1560

But notwithſtanding all this grieuous thruſt,
Forward they march in decent ranke and faſhion:
Some, leaſt their tailes ſhould daggle in the duſt,
Had men to beare them vp with oſtentation:
  But they which wanted men their tailes to guide,
  Faſt round about their middles had them ti'de,
  Or elſe about their neckes: For (without faile)
  The leaſt was longer then an Oxes taile.

Many of them (the better to expreſſe
Their willing mindes Dame Fortune to appeaſe, 1570
That ſhe might ſooner cut their long-tailes leſſe,
And curtaile their great rumps to giue them eaſe)
  In comely ſort their foreheads did adorne,
  With goodly coronets of hardy-horne:
  As Siluan Satyrs in old time were ſeene,
  VVhen as they danced Horn-pipes on the greene:

It were too long to ſet downe euery thing
VVhich chanced in that progreſſe as they went,
How all the bels in *Feuerſham* did ring,
In *Sitting-borne*, and other townes of *Kent*: 1580
  VVhat intertainment and preceſſion was
  Ordain'd, whē they through *Rocheſter* ſhold paſſe.
  And how each Officer in his beſt gowne,
  Stood ready to conduct them through the Town.

Nor is it for our purpoſe to decide,
The hearty welcome giuen at *Grauef-end*,
How many Cittizens came downe that tide,
With their ſweet wiues the ſhew there to attend:
  And how at *Dartford* the tall Sea-marke rod
  His ſtately top and wether cocke did nod; 1590
  To bid her welcome; ſince our end is moſt,
  At Cuckolds Hauen to erect the Poſt.

Where

VVhere being new arriu'd : A mighty crue
Of wealthy Cittizens did them confront,
Come from the Citty, that faire poſt to veiwe,
And all the goodly hornes which were vpon't.
  VVhich howſoeuer they deſirous be,
  Abroad to range ſtrange faſhions for to ſee ;
  Yet ſure for this to range they haue ſmall neede,
  They may abide at home, and better ſpeed. 1600

There had the Cittizens large tables ſet,
Loaden with ſtore of victuals and good cheare,
To gratulate the Long-tailes, which they met,
And ſhew the loue which to the Horne they beare :
  VVhere aſter they had fed in bounteous manner,
  And drunk a thouſand healths to Fortuns honor,
  Towards the Thames they drew the horned Poſt,
  And there did plant it ſtrongly on the Coaſt.

  Iuſt in the place where Fortunes Temple ſtood,
There ſtands the forked Piller, ſtout and tall, 1610
VVhoſe leaueleſſe boughes are neuer ſeene to bud,
Though much ſtone-fruit do from the branches fall.
  VVeſtward it threatens, and with armes all bare,
  Giues warning to the City to beware :
  Like to a flaming Beacon, which ſtill ſhewes,
  The neere approaching of ſome dangerous foes.

Thus was this famous Monument extoll'd,
And on the fruitfull bankes of Thames erected :
VVhich when the Goddeſſe Fortune did behold,
Perceiuing how deuout they her respected : 1620
  Her anger vaniſht, and with gracious eye,
  Shee tooke compaſſion on their malady,
  And all their rumpes, ſo infamous before,
  Vnto their priſtine beauty did reſtore.

Thus came their Buttockes to their ancient hue,
Their tailes fell off, and on the ground did lie,
When loe! a wondrous matter did enſue,
A miracle, moſt ſtrange to euery eie:
  For on a ſuddaine all their tailes vp ſtood,
  Tooke roote within the ground, and 'gan to bud; 1630
  And into willow trees, which there are ſeene,
  Were thẽ transform'd moſt fragrãt, ſweet & green.

VVhich when the *Kentiſh-men* at firſt beheld,
Feeling their hanches lighter then they were,
VVith ſhootes and ioyfull cries ſo long they yel'd,
That many vnto *Douer* did them heare.
  And London-bridge with *Cæſars* Tower did ſhake.
  By reaſon of the noiſe which they did make.
  But Charing-croſſe fell downe (as *Stow* doth ſay)
  And broke his necke, as may be ſeene this day. 1640

But that this ſtrange and great deliuerance,
From ſuch huge long-tailes, as they had of late,
Might ſtill be had in freſh remembrance:
That day to Fortune they did dedicate:
  Enacting; that for euer once a yeare,
  On S. *Lukes* day they ſhould aſſemble there,
  To feaſt and frollicke on theſe pleaſant bankes,
  And giue to Fortune her deſerued thankes.

Long time this ſolemne cuſtome was obſeru'd,
And *Kentiſh-men* with others met to feaſt, 1650
But latter times are from old faſhions ſweru'd,
And growne repugnant to this good beheaſt:
  For now vngratefull men theſe meetings ſcorne,
  And thankeleſſe proue to Fortune and the horne:
  For onely now is kept a poore Gooſe faire,
  VVhere none but meaner people do repaire.

But

But whilſt it was obſerued: did befall
A certaine matter worthy obſeruation,
For some wilde Colts (which Cittizens we call)
And when they are abroad it is their faſhion, 1660
Being all fluſtred, in their merry mood
Pull'd down the Poſt, & threw the horns i'th flood:
But marke a wondrous thing! The horns next Tide
To land aboue the Bridge were all deſcride.

The *Kentiſh-men* at their next Congregation
Seeing the Poſt to be purloin'd away,
T' erect another made a conſultation,
As like vnto the former as they may:
Which was no ſooner vp: but ſome againe,
Which had ſmal cauſe for want of horns to plain, 1670
Stole them away: and thus from time to time,
They were abuſed with the fore-ſaid crime.

Which thing when that theſe curtail'd men eſpide:
With certaine *London* Butchers they agreed,
That they ſufficient hornes ſhould ſtill prouide,
For to repaire the Poſt when it ſhould need:
And for reward the neighbouring fields ſhould be
Theirs and their heires to hold eternally:
Prouided ſtill, that hornes did neuer want,
For then they made a forfeit of their grant. 1680

Thus is the Poſt repair'd, and Fortunes Port,
Since Citizens firſt tooke their Hornes away,
(Whether it be in earneſt or in ſport)
Is nicke-nam'd Cuckolds-Hauen to this day:
And at this place as you shall vnderſtand,
Was Maiſter *Hercules* conuai'd to Land:
An ominous preſage (without all doubt)
Of future lucke, and what he went about,

[illegible]
[illegible] 1690
[illegible]
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[illegible] there
[illegible]
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[illegible] 1720

The

The watermen, which lately were at iar,
(Seeing the lookers on to giue them way,
And not once offer for to end their warre)
Did wiſely of themſelues conclude the fray,
  And after that they found their buffets ſmarted
  From blowes they fell to wordes, and ſo departed,
  Curſing each other with reproches vile,
  After they were aſunder halfe a mile.

And now our mariners no ſooner were
Freed from thoſe dangers: and all tumultes paſt; 1730
But that incontinent a ſudden feare
A freſh inuaded them, and much agaſt.
  For *Hercules* they miſt, and fought about,
  Yet by their ſeeking could not finde him out,
  Then did they call alowd, but all in vaine,
  Which makes them feare, he is fall'n in againe,

Neere to the ſhore they ſearched with their bote,
But no where by their groping could him finde:
His hat they found which fairely there did flote,
With treble Syper, and with veluet lin'd. 1740
  But miſſing him, they rowd againe to land,
  More happie tidinges there to vnderſtand:
  Whither arriu'd, The dawncing day did ſhewe
  The little cottage ſituate belowe.

Vnto that little houſe forthwith they ran,
And for halfe-drowned *Hercules* enquire;
When they beheld that lamentable man
In drouping manner drying his attire.
  Sadly he lookt, and ſorrily did ſit,
  As if he ſcarce recouered had his wit, 1750
  But when he ſaw the watermen arriu'd,
  His fainting ſpirits ſomewhat were reviu'd.

Glad

Glad were they to behold each other there,
And gan discourse of their late-passed dangers:
But mother *Sweats* was void of feare,
Did chide, and fret, and threat, & curse the strangers,
And like a Lyon raging for his prey,
Did sweare vengeance, if they came in his way.
For to a young man this no greater loss,
Then in his wooing time to lose a Crosse. 1760

The watermen, his wrath to pacifie,
Gave him faire wordes, and gan for to relate
How valiantly they made their foes to flie,
And how they lustily knockt them on the pate.
But since (quoth they) all dangers now are past,
And we are safely here arriu'd at last,
Let's drinke downe horror, & the day here spend,
And at noone Ebbe weel hence to *Gravesend*.

With this was mother *Sweats* content,
And there that day to tarrie he decreed, 1770
(For when we cannot choose, we must consent)
His clothes were wet, and he could not proceed.
For both his health, the time, & his good fortune
To wear in dire apparell did importune:
And homeward to returne he was vnwilling,
There to be mock't. Twere better spend a shilling.

There all that day, and almost all the night,
(Too tedious vnto *Sweats*) they stay'd:
Where how they spent the time, recount I might,
But that to trouble you I am afray'd. 1780
Therefore of purpose (as I thinke most fit)
Those circumstances I will here omit;
Because (for breuitie) I most intend
To haue them quickly landed at *Gravesend*.

And

And now conceiue them in their boate againe,
Their garments dry, and they faire ſhipt for *Kent:*
And now ſo ſwiſt they furrow downe the maine,
As if an arrow from a long-bow went:
  And now imagine they haue ſail'd ſo faſt,
  That at *Grauef-end* they are arriu'd at laſt. 1790
  And now becauſe wee'l not be long a doing,
  Imagine *Hercules* is cloſe a woing.

Kate had her leſſon: and at firſt was coy,
Yet was ſhe coyly kind, and kindly nice:
Now lift him vp with hope her to enioy,
Now caſt him downe with doubts which did ariſe:
  Shee ſaid, his faith and long perſeueration,
  Had almoſt forc't her to commiſeration,
  And that she lou'd: but where our selues we are not
  We often wiſh, when do the thing we dare not. 1800

I do confeſſe I beare you ſome affection,
Although the ſame I yet durſt neuer ſhew:
For where the Parents will haue all election;
The children muſt be bended to their bow,
  And therefore ſince their will muſt be my law,
  Let me entreat your meaning to with-draw:
  How happy are thoſe maids, whoſe fearleſſe voice
  May of their huſbands make their own free choice:

Both hope and feare in *Hercules* his face,
Were feene to combat: when he thus repli'd, 1810
Let me enioy thy fauour and thy grace,
And I reſpect not all thy friends beſide:
  For though they be vnwilling, and withſtand
  To giue their full conſent to my demand,
  Yet if to be my wife thou wilt agree,
  Without their liking I will marry thee.

1820

1830

1840

Kate

Kate, which knew well, when as the Sun did ſhine
It was the fitteſt ſeaſon to make hay, 1850
Did now thinke meete her Fortreſſe to reſigne:
Conſidering dangers iſſue from delay:
And therefore ſetting circumſtance aſide,
Becauſe his loue ſo faithfull ſhe had tride,
She was content next morning before day,
Sans fathers leaue to ſteale with him away.

Thus was this match confirm'd with many a kiſſe,
And they on all things fully were concluded:
When loe! mine Hoſteſſe (ſeeming *Kate* to miſſe)
Into the roome forth-with her ſelfe intruded: (her 1860
And call'd her forth, for much it seem'd to mooue
To ſee her talking ſecret with her Louer,
And therefore chiding *Kate* (as much offended:)
Away they went, and so the woing ended.

And now mine Hoſt, mine Hoſteſſe, & her daughter,
About theſe matters did in counſell ſit, (laughter)
Which when mine Hoſt did heare (ſurprised with
He much did praiſe their quicke and ready wit;
Which had ſo ſoone, and in ſuch ſubtile wiſe,
Contriu'd ſo fine and ſtrange an enterpriſe: 1870
And by a ſtratageme ſo rare and witty,
Had caught a ſimple Cuckoe of the Citty.

But (briefly) there, without more conſultation,
It was enacted, by a full conſent
Before the cocke did chant his ſalutation,
Or lampes left burning in the firmament,
That *Kate* next morning ſhould her ſelfe prouide,
To meete her louer at the waters ſide:
Sad meeting vnto him, which muſt by lot
Father a child, the which he neuer got. 1880

Time, which doth ſwiftly turne all things about,
Brought on the time for meeting deſtinate,
VVhen *Hercules* came ſoftly ſtealing out,
And at his heeles went creeping louely *Kate*,
  Not daring almoſt breath (as he suppoſed)
  For feare that her eſcape ſhould be diſcloſed :
  How happy art thou *Hercules* to finde,
  A wench so truly conſtant, and ſo kind ?

A boate was ready into which they enter,
Fair ſhipt for *London*, without winde or tide : 1890
And like to *Iupiter* with his aduenter,
(When as *Europa* on his backe did ride)
  So vp the Thames in triumph did he ferry,
  Proud of his purchaſe, frollicke, blith, and merry :
  And landing at the Tower, with liberall purſe,
  Married they were for better, and for worſe.

Thus is the Woodcocke fall'n into the gin,
And in Lobs-pound intangled by a wile:
Behold the fortune of a Cittizen,
That makes no conſcience others to beguile ! 1900
  In woing time here likewiſe vnderſtand,
  At Cuckolds-Hauen to be caſt on land,
  How ominous it is, and hard to flie,
  The horned chance of forked deſtinie.

But this is for thy comfort (man of Trade)
Thou neither art the firſt, nor ſhalt be laſt,
Which haſt a voyage in this manner made,
And bene on quicke-ſands by miſ-fortune caſt :
  For 'tis vncertaine to the moſt that wed,
  Whether they haue a womans Maiden-head : 1910
  And 'tis as hard a matter to be knowne,
  VVhether they keep more children thē their own.

Therefore

Therefore ye rurall and champeſtriall men,
Which liue in villages and Countrie Townes,
Doe not deride and mocke the Cittizen,
As if there were no Cuckolds among Clownes;
As though your maids were *Malkins*, & your wiues
Would carue no Codfish, wanting of your kniues
For 'tis reported (greater is the pittie)
The Countrie partly imitates the Cittie. 1920

I doe confeſſe, the Cittie may of due
Plead of the Hornes the more abundant ſhare,
Chiefly by reaſon of the gallant crue,
Which there reſide, and of their daintie fare,
Beſides, Plaies, Pageants, and the tilting day,
May giue occaſion for to runne aſtray.
Againe, their beauties, and their braue attire,
Are greater motiues to prouoke deſire.

Nath'les I would not have a ruſticke Swaine
Condemne all Cittizens to be cornuted, 1930
As that the Countrie were deuoid of ſtaine,
And that the Cittie were alone polluted:
For many Cittizens did neuer ſet
Their wiues in ſhopes more Cuſtomers to get:
Though diuers wealthie farmers haue ben knowne,
To keepe their Landlordes children as their owne.

The thriftie Cittizen which liues by Trade,
Hath in a roome or two his wife confin'd,
So that the want of place hath often made
Some woemen honeſt, much againſt their minde: 1940
She neuer walkes abrade, but either hee,
Or his apprentice watch her narrowly;
So that by any meanes I cannot ſee
How euerie Tradeſman ſhould a Cuckold bee.

Whereas the Countrie forrefts, woods, and feilds,
Groues, thickets, haiecockes, graffe, and ftanding
To fuch intenes more fit occafion yeildes, (corne,
And greater libertie to graft the Horne:
And therefore howfoere the Cittie-Dame
For pride and beauty may deferue the name; 1950
Yet Countrie *Marian* with her liuelie browne,
Is oft as willing to be tumbled downe.

Therefore although much crazed broken wares
Are vented vnto Cittizens by chance;
Yet fure the Countrie people haue their fhares,
And hand in hand with Cittizens may dance:
And this to be no fiction nor a lie,
Their Teachers in white fhetes can teftifie:
So that I muft conclude; Both Towne and Cittie
Haue ftore of Cuckolds, worthie, rich and wittie. 1960

But now doth *Hercules* enioie his Bride,
And to his houfe with glorie doth her bring;
God giue you ioy, his freindes & neighbours cride,
And fend you comfort of your wedding ring.
Thus for a weeke in pleafures and delights
They feaft on daies, and frollicke in the nights,
When loe! a fudden ftorme did ouerfpread
The mirth and reuells of their marriage bed.

The Iouiall time of paftime and content,
Which married perfons do in kiffing fpend, 1970
Was fcarce begun, when all their merriment
By meanes of forked fortune made an end.
And now their Hony-Moone, that late was cleare,
Did pale, obfcure, and tenebrous appeare;
And thrufting forth her hornes, did plaine bewray,
That fome are Cuckolds on their wedding day.

The

The reaſon of this ſudden diſcontent,
Which nipt ſo ſoone their pleaſures in the ſpring,
Was by occaſion of an accident,
A luckleſſe chance, and vnexpected thing, 1980
That vnto maiſter *Hercules* befell,
Which made him thinke his head began to ſwell,
A ſudden Croſſe, which did ſo much him paine,
That now he wiſht to be vnwed againe.

They were not long conioyn'd in wedlocks band,
But that from them a Meſſinger was ſent
Vnto mine Host, to let him vnderſtand
The wedding newes, and how all matters went:
Which when he heard; with wordes he *Kate* re-
Calling her graceleſſe, diſobedient child; (uil'd 1990
And ſince ſhe married, (all her friends vnwilling)
He ſwore, frõ thẽ ſhe neuer ſhould haue ſhilling.

This was ſome cauſe why *Hercules* might grieue,
And of his haſtie marriage ſoone repent;
(The want of portion, which ſhould him relieue,
The lacke of Parents ſauour and conſent)
The want of wealth for which ſome onely marrie,
Might giue him cauſe with *Katherine* to varie:
But want of theſe, nor all theſe did moleſt him:
It was too much of one thing which oppreſt him. 2000

Too much and more then he was glad to finde,
Too much, and more then he ſo ſoone expected,
Did ſo with iealous thoughts diſturbe his minde,
That now his Bride by him was much ſuſpected.
For as one night he chanced to put ouer
His twining arme about his naked Louer,
(As married men are wont to doe in bed)
With ſudden feare he was aſtoniſhed.

For

For as he there her bodie did embrace,
Touching each tender and delicious limme, 2010
Her breafts, her necke, her chin, her nofe, her face,
So round, ftreight, prettie, beautifull, and trimme:
And finding thofe fo pleafant to his touch,
Downeward he felt if lower partes were fuch,
But on her bellie when his hand was laid,
A quicke conceit his further fearching ftaid.

A quicke conceit, or thing conceiued quicke,
Vnder his hand he deemed for to feele;
And now he thought that it did ftir and kicke,
As if it were a creature with a heele. 2020
But in the end he certainly concluded,
That in this haftie match he was deluded,
And that this ftirring motion needes muft be
A liuing childe, and two legd Timpany.

And doe I liue? (thought he) or am I dead?
Or doe I sleepe? or doe I dreame awake?
Or doe I feele? or are my fenfes fled?
Or doth this ftir? or doe I but miftake?
No fure, I liue, and waking haue perceiu'd,
That I doe feele, my wife is quicke conceiu'd; 2030
That I doe truly feele and plainly find
Thefe ftirring motions cannot come from winde.

And am I gul'd? and made a laughing ftocke,
To haue my children gotten to my hand?
And had you none (fweet wife) but me to mocke?
Or do you thinke I cannot vnderftand?
Muft I be baud vnto your bafe defire,
And cloak your whordome like an Apple-fquire?
No, *Kate* you fhall perceiue that I haue eies,
And can defcerne your wiles and pollicies. 2040

Herewith

Herewith his ſleeping wife he did awake,
And grauely to examine her begun:
What thing is this which doth this ſtirring make,
And vp and downe thy bellie ſeemes to run?
  Art thou with child? and couldſt thou find no other
  To be thy ſtale, and make a yonger brother?
  Or do'ſt thou thinke I am ſo ſoone beguild,
  That I will patronize an others child?

Kate, which had long before theſe things debated,
Now of an anſwere was not to prouide, 2050
Nor at his ſpeaches did ſhe ſeeme amated,
Neither to be conceiued ſhe denide.
  For I confeſſe (quoth ſhe) I feele ſome thing
  Within my bellie for to leape and ſpring,
  Which if it be an infant, as I gather,
  Here I will take mine othe, you are the father.

Shameleſſe and wicked woman, void of grace,
Dost thou not bluſh (ſaid he) theſe wordes to giue?
Can it be true, that in ſo little ſpace
A child ſhould be begotten, moue, and liue? 2060
  Cert's if you proue ſo ſoone, and child ſo quickly,
  We ſhall haue ſtore of children it is likely:
  But 'tis ſo plaine, that I will pawne my life,
  You were with child, before you were my wife.

And therefore early doe your ſelfe prouide.
And backe againe vnto your friends repaire:
For I will be no Gold-ſmith, for to hide,
And guild the outſide of your copper ware,
  Nor will I be a marchant of retaile,
  To ſet your broken marchandiſe to ſale: 2070
  No miſtris *Kate;* your cunning is too ſhallowe,
  I am not yet ſo blind ſuch flies to ſwallowe.

Kate was not daunted at his boſterous threats,
Nor of his mighty menaces affraid:
Neither for pardon at his hands entreats;
But boldly vnto *Hercules* ſhe ſaid:
  Haue I (ſaid ſhe) vnfortunate, vnbleſt,
  Againſt my Parents liking and beheſt,
  Onely for loue (vnwiſely, choſen thee,
  Reiecting many better of degree? 2080

And are you now ſo iealous without ground?
Or elſe growne weary of your wedding ſtate?
Do you not know, when marriage once hath bound,
That afterwards repentance is too late?
  Haue I caſt off my friends at your petition?
  And would you now diuorce me for ſuſpition?
  Making your ſelfe a by-word vnto men,
  And laughing ſtocke to euery Cittizen.

VVell Mynion (anſwered he) I tell you plaine,
I'le not be bob'd with ſuch a ſlight excuſe: 2090
You know, without a cauſe I do not plaine,
Nor will I pocket vp this vile abuſe.
  For though till death the lawes of wedlocke bind,
  Yet in this caſe I am not of your minde.
  For if conditions be diſſolu'd by you,
  The forfeit of the bond, I'le ſtand vnto.

If I (ſaid ſhe) haue broke my plighted vow,
Or ſince the marriage gone one ſtep awry,
Then vſe the rigour which Law doth allow,
And of the forfeite take the penalty: 2100
  But from my promiſe since I haue not ſweru'd,
  But haue my faith inuiolate obſeru'd,
  I craue no fauour: Therefore do your worſt,
  It is your child, and you ſhall ſee it nurſt.

And

And though my wrathfull Parents for your ſake,
Out of their loue and ſauour haue me throwne,
Yet both of them I will acquainted make,
And preſently ſend for them to the Towne: (grieued
And though my foolish choice much hath them
VVhereby I might deſpaire to be relieued; 2110
Yet ſince my honeſt name is at the ſtake,
I hope that now they will me not forſake.

Thus for that night the conference had end,
And careleſſe *Kate* fell quickly faſt aſleepe:
But Maiſter *Hercules* the night did ſpend,
In troublous thoughts, which did him waking keep:
Sometimes he thought to put her quite away;
Sometimes ſuppos'd it fitter ſhe ſhould ſtay;
Sometimes to make it knowne he deemed beſt;
Sometimes much better that it were ſuppreſt. 2120

For if he caſt her off, or made it knowne,
Though to her ſhare great ſcandall might betide,
Yet he perceiu'd the ſcorne would be his owne,
And that the world his folly would deride:
Or if he kept her, and the fault conceale,
(To ſhun reproaches in the common-weale)
Yet inwardly ſome griefe would ſtill be cleauing,
Becauſe that he muſt take anothers leauing.

And thus perplexed in his doubtfull mind,
Conſulting with himſelfe he lay all night, 2130
Vntill the Roſie morning had aſſign'd,
The clouds of darkeneſſe to auoid the light:
VVhen from his bed ariſing preſently,
He went vnto a neighbour dwelling by,
His truſty friend, a Midwife by vocation,
Of great experience, and good eſtimation.

[illegible]
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[illegible] 2150
[illegible]
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Your this gaudlie Counsaior be came,
And al his greeuance he her vnderstand:
Desiring her that to prevent the blame,
Which did attend his credit hard at hand,
She would acquite him in her pollicie,
What he should doe in this perplexitie:
And if the fury of his wife he did:
From point to point, as I did erst vnfold. 2160

Which when did mother *Hardiness* did heare,
Like to a Lye and Liber Age she smiled,
And thus replied I wis, my neighbours deare
It is hard measure to be thus beguiled,
And (sure) it cannot chuse but vex your minde
Such quicke conception in your wife to find:
Nor truly (neighbour) can I much you blame,
If you be mou'd and angrie for the same,

But

But let me tell you; 'Tis no time to grieue,
Or raiſe tumultuous brawles about this thing: 2170
Iarring debate cannot your wrong relieue,
Nor anie helpe unto your head-ache bring.
Rather with patience, and with quiet carriage,
Support the Croſſes of your haſtie marriage.
For ſince the Prieſt the wedding knot hath tide,
For better and for worſe ſhe is your Bride.

Keepe her you muſt with quietnes or ſtriſe,
And therefore make your choice of which you will.
If ſhe be true or falſe, ſhe is your wiſe,
So is ſhe likewiſe, be ſhe good or ill. 2180
If ſhe be fat and rich, or leane and poore;
If Saint or Deuell, honeſt or a whore;
After the weddings ſportfull celebration
It is too late to make a recantation.

To put her quite away for this her crime
In law and conſcience you can haue no reaſon:
For ſince the fault was done before your time,
Cause of diuorce doth now come out of ſeaſon,
Since therefore by no meanes you can forſake her,
But that with all her faults you needes must take 2190
'Tis rather for your credit to conceale it, (her
Then to your ſhame and infamie reueale it.

And yet I would not haue you ſo content,
Wholly to cloke and ſwallow this abuſe;
Make ſhew of anger, wrath and diſcontent,
Neither allow of anie blind excuſe:
Threaten diuorce, and if that beare no ſway,
Priuately ſend her to her friends away.
And boldly let them know, that backe againe
You neuer meane your wife to entertaine. 2200

Which when her Parents ſee, that ſtill make ſhowe
Of great diſpleasure at their daughters choice,
And neither will with portion her endowe
Nor with kind looke, nor confortable voice.
When they behold their daughter in that caſe,
Turnd out of dores vnto her foule diſgrace,
Though heretoſore they haue been proud & ſtout,
Then ſhall you ſee them glad to ſeeke you out.

Then ſhall you ſee them humbly to you ſue,
With faire entreaties, and much obſecration, 2210
That her offence you would with pitty vewe,
And on their yeares take some commiſeration,
And not to make them, and their onelie daughter,
The ſcornefull ſubiect of reproch and laughter.
Then will they promiſe much and giue you more,
If you will keepe her ſtill and ſalue this ſore.

And now, allthough at firſt you were vnwilling
Euer againe to take their daughter *Kate*;
Yet when you ſee your cheſtes and chambers filling,
With ſtore of monie, houſhold-ſtuffe and plate.
Then may you ſeeme by little to relent, 2220
And (in your loue) her follie to lament,
And that you pleaſe (vpon her good behauiour)
At their requeſtes to take her into fauour.

Thus ſhall you purchaſe both her Parents loue,
Obtaine great riches, and conceale your ſhame:
And this your kindneſſe will your wife ſo moue,
(If ſhe haue anie grace to weigh the ſame)
That ſhe will proue ſo honeſt, kind, and chaſt,
And ſhe will ſatisfie for all is paſt.
And all your friends which ſee her vertuous life, 2230
Will bleſſe your fortune in ſo good a wife.

And

And though ſhe be big-bellied with a child,
That you are certaine cannot be your owne:
Let it not grieue you to be thus beguild,
(Conſidering that the matter is not knowne)
  Neither refuſe to patronize the ſame,
  And Chriſten it according to your name,
  For many wealthie Cittizens haue done it,
  And either did not know, or could not shun it. 2240

For better is your caſe then manie others,
Whose iealous mindes are ſtill oppreſt with feare,
Euer ſuſpecting when their wiues growe mothers,
They are not fathers to the babes they beare,
  And ſtill ambiguous, that their wiues diſſemble,
  If their yong infantes doe them not reſemble
  Whereas you need not feare to be beguild,
  For you are certaine it is not your child.

And though it be not yours, nor you can tell 2250
What Cuckoe laid this egge within your neſt,
Imagine it is yours, and all is well.
For in imagination all doth reſt.
  Many a man is by his wife beguild,
  And yet imagines he begot the child.
  For whither children be your owne or no,
  Imagination onely makes them so.

Your wife hath done amiſſe, and ſo haue manie
(For who offends not, either ſoone or latter)
The moſt haue wanton motions: Neither can I
Excuſe my ſelfe, vnleſſe my ſelfe I flatter, 2260
  But when that I was yong, I was enclin'd,
  As other merry wenches are by kind,
  For this is all the difference can be ſpide
  She is leaſt faultie, that can faults beſt hide.

Then

Then ſince ſhe is but like your neighbours wiues;
(Onely her lucke is worſe to haue it knowne)
Since you are tied together for your liues,
And cannot be diuorſt, as I haue ſhowne,
  And ſince you cannot her diſgrace report,
  But it will breede your ſcorne: let me exhort, 2270
  That you conceale her fault; and let her friends
  With bags of monie make you ſome amends.

Thus did that polliticke old woman prate,
And *Hercules* went home well ſatisfied,
Meane while you muſt conceiue, that craftie *Kate*,
Was neither idle, nor ill occupied.
  For ſhee (poſt haſt) a meſſinger had ſent
  To let her Parents knowe how all things went,
  And to deſire them (ſince ſhe ſtood in need)
  They would repaire to *London* with all ſpeed. 2280

And for to keepe without her husband's reach,
Lockt in a chamber all that day ſhe ſate,
Becauſe ſhe had no minde to heare him preach,
Nor of thoſe matters to expoſtulate.
  But when her Parents were come to the Towne,
  Out of her chamber ſhe came ſadly downe,
  Her head cloſe bound, her countenance deiected,
  And on her knees their bleſſing ſhe expected.

But they, (as though ſhe had not been their child
Or they disdeigned to know her) look'd aſide. 2290
With bitter wordes they sharpely her reuil'd,
And outwardly made ſhew to brawle and chide.
  But *Kate* with teares of ſorrow and contrition
  Vpon her knees for pardon made petition;
  Deſiring them, (ſince her offence was paſt)
  They would forgiue her, and forget at laſt.

Married

Married I am (quoth ſhee) and would to God,
That I could truly ſay I were not married:
But till repentance whip vs with her rod,
With headſtrong youthfull wills we are ſo carried 2300
We cannot turne: vntill too late we finde
Our ſelues vnto our ſelues are moſt vnkinde:
And yet how bleſt and happie were my ſtate
Now to repent, if it were not to late.

But I am tied to ſuch a crabbed Clowne,
That all this Cittie ſcarce hath such a fellow;
For he doth nothing else but lowre and frowne,
And hath his hoſe allreadie died in yellow:
Becauſe I breed, he twits me with a crime,
And ſaith I am with child before my time: 2310
And though I left you all (by his perſwaſion)
He meanes to caſt me off by this occaſion.

Herewith a dropping showre of trickling teares,
(As moſt of them haue weeping at command)
Did ſtop her ſpeach. And *Hercules* appeares,
Which in the next roome all this while did ſtand;
With whom mine Hoſteſſe in great rage & choler
(Seeming much mou'd to ſee her daughters dolour)
In haſtie manner did begin to chide,
That ſo vnkindly he had vſ'd his Bride. 2320

And hath our daughter againſt our intent
Made choice (ſaid shee) of ſuch a froward mate?
Hath ſhe without our liking and conſent
(Preferring your good will before our hate)
Left all her friends, and gone with you away,
And in this fort doe you her loue repay?
Now (doubtleſſe) ſhe hath made a goodlie match
Fiſhing ſo faire, at length a Frog to catch.

For then a child but newly come to light,
Lying in cloutes vpon his Nurses knee,
Was euerie way as great in outward sight,
As now at 20. yeares a man can bee:
And therefore lach great children muſt by reaſon
Vnto their birth require a longer ſeaſon
Then doe our little, filly, Pigmie brats,
Which, in reſpect of them, are but like Rats. 2400

Another influence likewiſe doth me move,
Which much auaileth for this truths diſcerning,
When our fondfathers firſt began to loue,
And generations art was but in learning,
Men were not halfe ſo skillfull in the Trade,
As now by long experience they are made:
And therefore ſhorter time will ſerue (I hold)
To bring forth children now, then did of old.

Againe, dame Nature is more fertile growne,
Then erſt ſhe wonted for to be of yore, 2410
Twice in a yeare you ſee ſome meadowes mowne,
And trees to bring forth fruit, (not ſeene before)
Twice in a yeare ſome Ewes doe multiplie,
And more then twice ſome creatures fructifie:
And diuers wiues, whoſe faith wants no excuſe,
Three or 4. children at one birth produce.

In ancient time full 40. weekes did need,
Becauſe their babes were of a larger size:
But now, dame Nature making better ſpeed,
A great deale ſhorter time doth well suffize. 2420
For manie woemen, after they are wed,
In leſſe then 20. weekes are brought a bed;
And ſome in ten, and ſome in more, ſome leſſe,
According to their kind, and fruitfullneſſe.

And

And which his yet more ſtrange then all the reſt,
But not ſo ſtrange as true; I knowe a wife,
That was eſteem'd as honeſt as the beſt,
And true vnto her husband all her life:
  Which, ere a moneth was fully paſt and done
  After the wedding, had a goodlie ſonne; 2430
  And yet I know her husband will be ſworne,
  The child was his, although ſo quickly borne.

And therefore, if you meane to liue in quiet,
It is your beſt to make no further trouble,
The childe is yours: It bootes not to denie it,
And you the father, though ſhe carrie double,
  Well (anſwered *Hercules*) I doe not meane
  To keepe a baſtard, and anothers Queane:
  Good wordes (ſaid ſhe) & then the harme is ſmall;
  You muſt and ſhall, and ther's an end of all. 2440

VVhen as mine Hoſte did heare them grow ſo hot,
VVhich all this while ſtood ſilent without ſpeach,
VVith milder wordes, (as they had laid the plot)
That they would heare him ſpeake, he did beſeech:
  I cannot tell (quoth he) to what intent
  You hold this ſtrong and needleſſe argument:
  For many idle wordes may breed confuſion,
  But neuer bring theſe matters to concluſion.

The caſe is thus. Our daughter you haue married
VVithout our leaue, our liking and conſent; 2450
And therefore, if ſhe chance to haue miſcarried,
It is your iuſt deſerued puniſhment.
  If we had been the makers of this match,
  You might haue ſayd, we did you coni catch:
  But ſince it was your worke, againſt our minde,
  You muſt be pleaſ'd to take ſuch as you finde.

I ſpeake not this, becauſe that I doe thinke
My daughter hath plaid falſe, and done you wrong,
But for to let you know, that you muſt drinke
As you haue brew'd, bee it ſmall or ſtrong: 2460
  Beſides, the fault (if that ſhe haue offended)
  Againſt your perſon cannot be intended:
  Becauſe the damage, treſpas and tranſgreſſion
  Was done, before that you were in poſſeſſion.

Likewiſe the Lawes of Holy Church doe binde,
And faſt combine you during all your life,
So that no fault, which at the firſt you finde,
Is cauſe ſufficient to diuorce your wife,
  For by the Prieſt you vnder-went this curſe,
  To haue and hold for better and for worſe 2470
  Then ſure by law you neuer can forſake her, (her,
  With all her faults (perforce) you needs muſt take

And neuer grudge for to take her for your Mate,
For ſhe deſerues your loue: I can you tell,
She might haue had your betters in eſtate,
And left them all, becauſe ſhe lou'd you well:
  And for her honeſtie I now dare ſweare,
  She is as honeſt, as her mother here:
  It is but ſome conceit which feare hath bred,
  That thus with icalouſie doth fill your head. 2480

Here: Take her, loue her, and God giue you ioy:
And you ſhall haue 300. pound in hand;
And, after we are dead, you ſhall enioy,
Our houſe, our goods, our monie, and our land:
  And if you thinke that *Kate* hath you beguild,
  And therefore doe repine to keepe the child,
  Send it to vs; And we will entertaine it,
  And at our proper charges will maintaine it.

When

When theſe good motions *Hercules* did heare,
Although at firſt he ſeemed diſcontent 2490
Yet at the laſt all thinges concluded were,
And he well pleaſ'd with their arbitrement:
  And thus you ſee how *Kate* herſelfe behaued,
  Whereby her name and credit might be ſaued:
  How *Hercules* is wiu'd and well befriended,
  And all parts pleaſ'd, and thus my Tale his ended.

But from this ſtorie which I late haue told,
Some few ſhort obſeruations let vs gather:
First, how the Cittizen for loue of gold,
An others child was willing for to father: 2500
  Whereby we may diſcerne the ſeruile minde
  Of many Cittizens in this same kinde,
  That for deſire of profit will not ſhrinke
  At ſuch ſmall faultes, and greater, for to winke.

Yea, ſome of them are ſo in loue with monie,
Or elſe, ſo couetous to have Hornes budding,
That to allure great Beares vnto their honie,
And hungrie dogs vnto a dirtie pudding;
  They will not ſticke to make their wiues a Stale
  To draw on Cuſtomers for better ſale; 2510
  And vnto ſome it is the ſurest prop,
  To haue a handſome woman keepe their ſhop.

And this is one great reaſon I suppoſe,
That in great Townes ſo many Cuckolds ſwarme
For when a Woman beautious as a Roſe,
Sits in her ſhop the paſſengers to charme,
  Like to a Ship in tempeſts doth ſhe flit
  In danger euerie minute to be ſplit:
  And though ſhe doth eſcape both rockes & ſand,
  Yet is not ſafe, vntill ſhe come to land. 2520

For

A well-conceited fiction I haue read,
Among the Stories which old Poets framed,
Of one that had within his carefull head,
An hundred eyes: and he was *Argus* named.
And yet for all his eyes which neuer clofed,
But euermore to watching were difpofed,
One filly woman he could hardly keepe,
For whiles he flept but once, fhe playd bo-peepe. 2560

Oh what deceitfull trickes haue women kinde,
When they intend their luft to fatisfie?
How boundleffe and vnfatiate is their minde,
When they are bent to lawleffe luxurie?
How brittle, fickle, wauering, falfe and fraile,
Like to a wether-cocke, ftill turning taile?
So that to write their faults, who doth intend,
May well begin, but nere fhall make an end.

But why fhould I complaine of letchery? Objection
Or preffe bad wiues with fuch an exclamation? 2570
Since they vphold the ftate of *Cuckoldrie*,
And are the pillars of that ordination.
If that the fruit be good, no caufe I see,
Why we fhould fault, or discommend the tree:
Or by our malice feeke the mans difgrace,
Which by his cunning graft it in that place.

The end is all (the prouerbe old doth say)
And doth approue, or difallow each thing:
Nor doe the caufes wander much aftray,
Which to a good conclufion matters bring. 2580
If that a woman fomewhat tread awry,
And follow fports of luft and venery,
Why fhould we blame her, fince fhe doth pretend
Her hufbands good, and credit in the end.

What reaſon haue I then (may ſome ſuppoſe)
To raile at woemen in this bitter manner?
If wiues were true, and free from ſecret blowes,
How ſhould their huſbãds purchaſe ſuch an honor?
  If that a *Cuckold* be ſo braue a name,
  They rather merit praiſe, then any blame. 2590
  And thus will *Momus* ſnarling brood complaine,
  What late I prais'd, I now diſpraiſe againe.

Well could I wiſh the world were at that ſtay,
And euery woman of ſo honeſt carriage,
That hornes, which now beare ſuch a mighty ſway,
Might be exil'd the bonds of lawfull marriage.
  But ſince this fortune hath befalne ſo many,
  (I ſay not, that I cannot exempt any.)
  Better it were the title ſhould be graced,
  Then honeſt *Cuckolds* vtterly defaced. 2600

And though when fruit is good, we cannot blame,
Or fault the perſon which did graft the tree,
Yet in the ground which other men doe claime,
We cannot plant, nor graft, nor ſowe as free.
  Each hath his parcell; that which is incloſed,
  Muſt at the owners pleaſure be diſpoſed.
  If ground be ſcarce, the common fields be cheape,
  Yet let men ſowe whereas they meane to reape.

The end is all; and ſo may *Cuckolds* ſing, 2610
For many men are *Cuckolds* in the end,
Yet little good proceedeth from that thing
To her, which doth her husband thus offend.
  For where ſhe was eſteemed chaſte before,
  Now ſhe is taken for a paltry whore:
  Nor was her end to win him reputation,
  But for to quench the flames of fornication.

If

If that a tyrant merits any praiſe,
Which doth adjudge a Martyr to be ſlaine,
Then doth a wanton wife which ſpends her dayes
In making hornes to breede her huſbands bane 2620
  Deſerue great thankes: For both alke wee ſee,
  To be the cauſes of their deſtinie.
  But though bad manners better orders breed,
  Still they are nought, & ſhame ſhal be their meed.

None I ſuppoſe is of ſo vild a life,
But will affirme it by his owne confeſſion:
To haue cloſe dealing with anothers wife,
It is a ſhamelesse and a great transgreſſion;
  Yet though from thence ariſe a *Cuckolds* name,
  No blemiſh can redound vnto the ſame. 2630
  For oft we ſee, euen from a dung-hill growes,
  Sweet flowers, which neither ſent nor odour loſe.

Many a man of credit, and good place,
Hath earnd great riches by a ſtinking Trade:
And neither doth his liuing him deface,
Nor of a baſer reckoning is he made.
  Why then ſhould men thus ſcorne a *Cuckolds* life,
  For that his name comes by a ſtinking wife?
  Who doth diſlike good meat, is void of wit,
  Although a greazie Scullion turne the ſpit. 2640

As Iakes-farmers, Scauingers and Curriers.

Many a wicked father hath beene knowne
To haue a ſonne of good and honeſt life:
And many a famous *Cuckold* of renowne,
Hath erſt beene married to a wanton wife.
  And yet the womans lewdneſſe is no ſhame
  Vnto the credit of a *Cuckolds* name.
  For (certs) a *Cuckold* in his generation
  Is held a name of worth and eſtimation.

And of all men that live vpon the ground,
None can more fitly be a Martyr named: 2650
For with ſuch ſcoffes and mockes his dayes abound,
As would in truth make any man aſhamed,
  But that with patience he is poſſeſt,
  Which makes him happie, and his ſtate more bleſt:
  For Patience ſuch a noble vertue is,
  As will in fine promote him vnto bliſſe.

This is the cauſe ſo many learned Clarkes,
So many antient Authors, and graue men,
Did in their ſeueral volumes and their workes,
Much in the praſe of worthy Cuckolds pen. 2660
  For where this patience is ſo much commended,
  A Cockolds honor need muſt be intended.
  And well we may expound them in that ſenſe,
  Since that a Cuckold is all Patience.

And rather truly might thoſe learned wits,
Applaud a Cuckold vnder that pretence:
Becauſe this vertue, which that ſtate befits,
Might beare amongſt them ſome preheminence.
  And ſince it might ſeeme fooliſh to dilate,
  In open words the glory of their ſtate; 2670
  Better they thought to ſet before her eyes
  The patient Cuckolds praiſes in this wiſe.

The policy of old Writers in prayſing Cuckolds.

Tully the Orator ſo much admir'd,
The Paragon of ſweet-tun'd Eloquence,
In ſuch a robe of glory hath attir'd
A Cuckolds vertue and his patience:
  That he not onely hath preferd him cleere
  Before all men that are, or euer were;
  But alſo hath (without reſpect of ods)
  Reputed him as equall to the gods. 2680

Hæc qui faciat, non ego summis viris eum comparo, verùm etiàm simillimum Dijs judico.

I test

I lift not here alledge what all haue faid,
In commendation of the patient crue,
The vfuall examples, which are made,
Do proue my fayings and affertions true.
That fure I wonder, and I much admire them,
(Vnleffe the hornes with patience do infpire them)
How they fo meekly fuffer and abide,
The wrongs and iniuries which them betide.

But (doubtleffe) they are men of gallant parts, *Poffe & Nolle Nobile.*
And fcorne to take reuenge for euery toy: 2690
It fits not valorous and noble harts
To picke a quarrell with each scuruy boy:
They liue contented ftill what ere befall,
And for their croffes neither fight nor brall,
What *Fortune* fends, they willingly receiue,
As you by this example may perceiue.

An honeft good plaine-dealing man of life,
Which got his liuing daily by his labour,
Finding a knaue in fporting with his wife,
And playing frolickly vpon his Tabor, 2700
Did not, as fome would vfe to fweare & fwagger, A wife and honeft Cuckold.
And at the first fight ftab him with his dagger;
But in good words he wifht they would amend,
And let him go, becaufe he was his friend.

Here is a glaffe for all men to behold
How great the patience of a Cuckold is,
Worthy in leaues of braffe to be inrold,
That after-ages might remember this.
Neuer was perfon of fo mild a hart,
That if he found his wife at fuch a part, 2710
Would with fuch quiet brooke fo great a fcorne,
Except he had an intereft in the horne.

Note this my yong gallants.

I know some hot-ſpurd-youths, which are not wed,
Will ſweare this *Cuckold* was a very lout:
For if that they had found the knaue a bed,
Zound's, by the eares they would haue puld him out.
They would haue beate the villaine like a ſtocke,
That neuer after he ſhould loue the ſmocke:
And in ſuch manner they would vſe the Boore,
Scarce he ſhould goe aliue out of their doore. 2720

Omnes facile cum valemus Recta conſilia ægrotis demus.

Thus will my youthful ſtriplings, in their vaine,
Brag of their valor, ere they go to field.
But vaunting Souldiers oftentimes are ſlaine,
Or in the battle forced for to yeeld.
An emptie veſſell giues a mighty ſound,
When leaſt or nothing can therein be found.
Many can tell the way to tame a ſhrow,
But they which haue the woman doe not know.

Oft haue I heard a gallant ſay as much,
And ſtamp & ſweare, that he would flea him quicke: 2730
Yet hath his fortune afterwards beene ſuch,
Though he haue come euen in the very nicke,
And taken one in bourding with his wife,
He durſt not draw his dagger for his life,
But was content to faine himſelfe aſleepe,
Meane while his head was armed like a ſheepe.

What are they better if they take the knaue,
And beat him ſoundly, or bereaue his life?
Can they auoyd the title they muſt haue?
Or purchaſe any credit to their wife? 2740
'Tis but a meanes to breed their further ſcorne,
Becauſe ſo grieuouſly they take the horne.
Better it is to ſee, and not eſpy it,
Then by their folly more for to deſcry it.

But

But if the Cuckold-maker be ſo bold,
To turne againe, and brauely play the man,
And knocke the Cuckold while his cudgell hold,
In what a taking is the Cuckold than?
  Surely by this needs muſt he gaine profoundly,
  That both is Cuckolded and beaten ſoundly, 2750
  Much wiſer might he ſeeme to hold his peace,
  Then with ſhrewd knocks his ſorrows to increaſe

If my aduice may ſerue in any ſted,
Rather I giue thee counſaile not to see,
When thou beholdſt a knaue within thy bed,
Then for to make a brawle, or mutinie:
  For he that takes the horne in ſuch a grudge,
  A very ſimple fellow men him iudge.
  When he that is not halfe ſo foole-precise,
  Is oft eſteemed to be very wiſe. 2760

And well may he be taken for a Clowne,
Which, when hee cannot remedy the thing,
Doth in his fury trouble all the towne,
And makes the Country of his folly ring.
  But though the vulgar ſort a Cuckold deeme him
  Yet worthy of that name I not eſteeme him,
  For to the horne this vertue doth belong,
  That patient heads muſt vndergoe each wrong:

He is a Cuckold, not worthy to bee a Cuckold.

And now vpon a ſudden to my ſight
Preſents himſelfe a greater foole then this; 2770
VVhich is not onely pleas'd to bring to light,
And make a wonder of his wiues amiſſe.
  But for to proue himſelfe a very Daw,
  Needes muſt hee bee diuorced by the Law.
  The firſt; *by witneſſe is a Cuckold cleped,*
  This; *By authority the hornes hath reaped.*

A Cuckold with a witnes, and a Cuckold by authority.

Graue-

Graue-headed fathers of the horned crue,
And all yee patient friends of *Cuckoldshire*,
Let me intreat a little boone of you:
(Tis for your good and credit I require) 2780
  Banish these peasants, these two louring Ianglers,*
  Expell them from your company for wranglers:
  Raze out their names and titles from your booke,
  Which their good fortune with such fury brooke.

Neuer let them be ranked in your band,
Which grieue to haue their Head-peece made of (horne,
It cannot with your reputation stand,
Your colours by faint cowards should be borne.
  Placke off their horns, & on their coxcombs place
  A paire of Asses eares to their disgrace. 2790
  VVell doth their folly this old saying fit,
  A male-contented Cuckold hath no wit.

For let me but expostulate this case;
Although to you I know it is but vaine,
VVhich are of wisdome, and with time and place
Can order all your actions to your gaine.
  VVhat better is the wood-cocke, made a wonder,
  VVhen with a knaue he sees his wife lye vnder?
  Or what amendment doth he reape from hence,
  To put her quite away for this offence? 2800

I must confesse (perforce) this is the way
To let the world haue notice of his name:
Yet him I holde a foole which doth display
Those things which may redound vnto his shame.
  And greater is his madnesse I suppose,
  Which whē he hath good fortune, scarcely knows
  But moſt his folly, if I dare so say,
  Which bolts the doore when Steed is stolne away.

Better

Better it is in quiet take the cup,
(Since what is wouen cannot be vn-ſpun) 2810
And patiently to drinke thy ſorrowes vp,
Than call in queſtion what thy wife hath done.
If of the hornes perchance thou art aſhamed,
Tenne times as much by this thou art defamed:
And where to few before the fault was knowne,
Now all about the countrey it is blowne.

Thou may'ſt remoue th' occaſion of this matter,
And by a lawfull course diuorce thy wife:
Yet with the vulgar ſort, which cannot flatter,
Thou ſhalt be thought a Cuckold all thy life, 2820
And though with equitie you be vntied,
The moſt will cenſure hardly on thy ſide:
For whether part ſoeuer be in fault,
Still is the husband deemed for to halt.

But to conclude, when all is come about,
And that from thee thy wife is quite diuorced,
What haſt thou earned but a mocke or flout;
For still to weare the hornes thou muſt be forced.
Yet here proceedes great cauſe to make thee ſorrie,
The name of Cuckold giues to thee no glorie: 2830
And though the title make another bleſt,
Shame and diſgrace it paints vpon thy creſt.

The purest Wheat caſt in a cankred ground,
Dies ere it ſprout, and neuer yeelds increaſe:
Good holeſome meat, when bodie is vnſound,
Doth cloy the ſtomacke, and the man diſeaſe:
So if the Hornes be grafted in his head,
Which is with furie and impatience led,
Nothing but ſcoffes and mocks they do importune,
Though otherwiſe the Scutchions of good fortune. 2840

This is the ſcope and meaning of the place,
That ancient Poets of *Actæon* ſaine.
Which tooke the hornes with grieſe and ſuch diſgrace,
That of his dogged paſſions he was ſlaine.
For this the ſtorie plainely ſhewes in part,
His dogs did teare him in the ſhape of Hart:
And this to all mad Cuckolds be the end,
Which grudge at that they neuer can amend.

All wiues which haue doting husbands ſay Amen.

Here can I not with ſilence ouer-paſſe,
Without great preiudice vnto the Horne,
To tell how patient once a Painter was,
(As kind a Cuckold as was euer borne)
And ſince it is a matter of ſome worth,
Meet to be drawne in golden colours forth,
After my ſimple skill it ſhall be painted,
Though with the Pencill I am not acquainted.

This cunning Painter was but newly wed,
Liuing in pleaſure with his wanton wife;
When Fortune ayming for to horne his head,
(As Fortune ſtill diſturbes the quiet life)
Gaue him occaſions by an enuious chance,
That he by ſea muſt trauaile into France,
The night before his iourney he did take,
Thus to his wife in bed the Painter ſpake.

Sweet wife (quoth he) thou know'ſt I loue thee deerly,
And much I grieue to leaue thee thus alone,
I feare my abſence it will touch thee neerely,
And my departure cauſe thee sigh and mone:
But be content (my deere) I will not ſtay,
Above a moneth at moſt from thee away,
'Tis but a little while (my prettie Sweet)
Shortly I hope againe we two ſhall meet.

Yet

Yet in remembrance, till I come againe,
And that in heart with thee at home I am,
Let me entreat thee (if it be no paine)
That on thy belly I may paint a Lambe:
  Not that thy truth of honeſtie I feare.
  For thou art too too honeſt I dare sweare;
  But that it be a ſigne before thy eyes,
  Both when thou go'ſt to bed, and doſt ariſe. 2880

And that when ſtill thou look'ſt vpon this geere,
And on the little Lambe doſt caſt a glance,
Thou maiſt remember who did paint him there,
And ſend a ſigh vnto the coaſt of France,
  And thinke thy husband will no longer ſtay,
  Then his affaires be paſt, if winds obey;
  And with theſe words he kiſt her, and ſo ſtaid,
  When ſhe againe this readie anſwere made.

Husband (quoth ſhe) and then the woman wept,
And ſigh'd and ſob'd, as though ſhe had been ſickly: 2890
Deere husband, your great kindneſſe I accept,
And ſore lament, we thus muſt part ſo quickly.
  Yet neuer thinke that I ſhould you forget,
  Though your affaires a tweluemonth ſhould you let:
  But if to paint a Lambe will breed your eaſe
  Paint on my belly euen while you pleaſe.

The good plaine-dealing man was glad of this,
He tooke his Pencill, and to worke he went,
And on her belly did he paint (ywis)
A prettie little Lambe incontinent. 2900
  But ſince the winde for no mans cauſe doth ſtay,
  He is imbarkt for France, and gone away:
  Pitie it were to tell the griefe and mone
  His wife made for him, being left alone.

Behold how croſſe ſometimes our fortune playes,
The Painter his affaires did hap ſo ill,
That now are almoſt paſt thrice thirtie dayes,
And yet he is conſtrain'd to tarrie ſtill:
So that before his buſineſſe was ended,
Three quarters of a yeare were quite expended: 2910
And ſince in France ſo long the Painter tarries,
Marke how his wife her ſelfe in England carries.

A moneth ſhe took his abſence paſſing ſad;
But when he came not at th' appointed day,
She entertaines another luſtie lad,
For to maintaine the ſport, and hold her play:
Which in all points did pleaſe her luſt ſo right,
That he was welcome to her euerie night;
Nor much ſhe cared, but in outward ſhow,
Whether the Painter came againe or no. 2920

The luſtie youth, which was with her acquainted,
And kept poſſeſſion of her huſbands place,
By chance eſpied upon her bellie painted
The little Lambe, whereat he laught apace:
But ſure he thought it wanted ſome perfection,
Becauſe of hornes there was a plaine defection;
And therefore when the woman was aſleepe,
He painted two greate hornes vpon the ſheepe.

Now is the Painters buſineſſe quite paſt,
And he from France by ſea is ſafely come; **2930**
His wife about his necke her arms doth caſt,
And kiſſe him oft, and bid him welcome home:
Ah my ſweet husband (then ſhe kindly wept)
A good kind wife. What ſad misfortune hath ſo long thee kept?
Againe ſhe kiſt him, and againe ſhe cried,
If longer you had ſtay'd, I ſhould haue died.

Her

Her louing husband taking all for truth,
(Seeing his wife to weepe for very ioy)
Kiſſ'd her moſt kindly, like a wanton youth,
And ſeem'de as blithe and luſtie as a boy: 2940
He tooke her ſtreight and ſet her on his knee,
Ah my ſweet wife, how does my Loue? (quoth he)
How fares my Turtle? I haue done thee wrong,
In ſtaying from thy companie ſo long.

But ſuch (ſweet-heart) was my diſaſter chance,
And ſuch occaſions did my comming let,
That I no ſooner could returne from France,
(No harme, thought ſhe, if you had tarried yet)
But ſince (quoth he) at laſt I am come backe,
Drinke welcome to me in a pint of Sacke: 2950
She dranke to him, he pledg'd her; to be ſhort,
They ſupt, and went to bed in honeſt ſort.

And now the Painter 'gan for to remember,
That on the night before he went from home,
A little Lambe he painted on the limber,
Vp-bearing out-ſide of her tender wombe:
Therefore, that he aſſuredly might know,
Whether his wife had faithfull been, or no,
To view the Lambe he 'gan her kindly pray,
Which he did paint before he went away. 2960

Husband (quoth ſhe) that you may plainely see
I haue preſeru'd my faith as vndefil'd,
Behold the Lambe, and after iudge of me,
If in your abſence I haue you beguil'd:
Therewith ſhe ſhew'd her bellie, whereon faire
The painted Lambe appear'd with hornes a paire:
Whereat he ſtarted as he were afraid,
Yet his owne picture was there truly made.

The woman maruelled for to behold,
The Lambe defcrib'd with fuch a goodly head : 2970
The man was angrie, yet his peace did hold,
And ftood amaz'd, as though he had beene dead :
But fhe (as women are by nature flie,
Apt to excufe their folly with a lie)
After that fhe fome little paufe had made,
Demurely to her husband thus fhe faid :

Et quanquàm videas oculis præfentibus audet excufare nefas.

Well may you wonder how this comes to paffe,
And thinke (fweet husband) I haue beene vnkinde :
Yet if you ponder how it changed was,
And how the Lambe transformed thus we finde, 2980
I doe not doubt but you will iudge me true,
In deed, in word, in thought, in all to you,
For by the Sunne that fhines before my face,
I know not when the hornes came in this place.

And yet the night before you did depart,
And left me like a widow here at home,
A little Lambe, according to your art,
You painted (you remember) on my wombe :
If at that prefent time it was a Lambe,
Note her argument. Although no greater but to fucke his damme, 2990
Yet fince a twelue-month you haue tarried hence,
Now it muft be a fheepe by confequence.

When as her husband heard this fine excufe,
So wittie, pleafant, and fo readie told,
Though he was much aggrieued at th'abufe,
And well perceiu'd the fheepe was of his fold :
(Knowing the hornes which fell vnto his fhare
Were marriage-fortune, and good neighbors fare)
He tooke with patience what did him molift,
And fmiling kindly, put it vp in ieft. 3000

Loe

Loe here (kind Cuckolds) prefent to your view
A worthie mirror of true patience,
A rare example, meet for all the crue,
With whom the hornes fhall haue preheminence:
  This is the way to win your reputation,
  And make your wiues to leaue their fornication:
  Thefe are the meanes a womans feet to ftay,
  Which is difposd to range or goe aftray.

Bootleffe it is to breake a womans will,
Or feeke to curbe her pleafures by thy rage; 3010
For if fhe once be giuen vnto ill,
Brawles, ftrife, nor anger can her luft affuage.
  If Riuers haue their courfe, they gently fall,
  Stop but their paffage, then they throw downe all:
  So if a woman be reftrain'd by force,
  She growes more head-ftrong, and by nature worfe.

Iram atque animos a crimine sumunt.

Take for example what one Cuckold did;
Which when he heard his wife was prone to finne,
Shut not the dores vnkindly, but ftreight bid
More fhould be made to let her louers in: 3020
  That euery person, when the dores were many,
  Might come and goe away, vnfeene of any:
  But when his wife did fee his dispofition,
  She left her wanton life and lewd condition.

Many, before they marrie, feeme to boaft
How they will dominire when they are wed,
For they will tie their wiues vnto a poft,
Before fhe graft the horne vpon their head:
  And they with watch and ward will fo preuent her,
  That no corriuall shall haue time to enter: 3030
  And maugre fortune, and in fpite of chance,
  After the Horne-pipe they will neuer dance.

But

But let them know, no policies preuaile,
No art, no craft, no force, their fate to ſhun;
Strong brazen walls; *Argus* his eyes doe faile
To keepe a woman, when ſhe lift miſ-done:
  And if ſhe once doe by his lookes eſpie,
  No faith her husband doth in her relie,
  Or elſe is iealous, and doth her miſtruſt,
  Much more ſhe is incenſed vnto luſt. 3040

In vaine thou ſtandſt within a womans way,
When ſhe is once paſt honeſtie and grace:
For though thou watch and ward her night and day,
And haue her preſent ſtill before thy face,
  By ſome deuice or other which may fall,
  Occaſion ſhe will find to pay for all:
  And (or fit place ſhe to her pleaſures lacke)
  She will not ſticke to horne thee at thy backe.

Preuent an euill (doth the Prouerbe ſay)
But when an euill comes by deſtinie, 3050
And cannot be auoided any way,
What profit falls by peruerſe iealouſie?
  Nothing but this; that ſtanding ſtill on thornes,
  Suſpition bids thee to beware the hornes:
  And (ſure) a horned head leſſe griefe doth finde,
  Then doth a iealous and a horned minde.

I cannot well commend that ſimple ſwaine,
Which for his hatred to the Cuckoes ſong,
(Becauſe the Cuckoe in a merrie vaine
Sometime did ſing his Appletrees among) 3060
  Cut downe the trees, that ſhe might ſit no more
  So neere his houſe, as ſhe had done before.
  But whether [illegible] the Cuckoe ſlie,
  No Cuckold [illegible]

I meruaile much, and cannot know the reaſon,
Why euery fooliſh Peaſant and rude knaue,
When as they heare the Cuckoe in the ſeaſon,
Which in theſe quarters doth her prefence craue,
  Send out her notes ſo pleaſant and ſo ſhrill,
  That all true Cuckolds they with gladneſſe fill, 3070
  Why they ſhould mocke, deride, abuſe, & flout her,
  And to the death with ſtones & cudgels clout her.

In my conceit, of all the fowles that flie,
Most pleaſant are her notes, ſurpaſſing all,
Chaunting ſo ſweet the fame of Cuckoldrie,
That vnto men they ſeeme Angelicall,
  And ſo replete with ſugred melodie,
  As driues kind Cuckolds to an extaſie:
  Ah, ſweetly, ſweetly, doth the Cuckoe ſing
  The Cuckolds prayſes in the pleaſant Spring. 3080

Familiar is her ſong, ſmooth, eaſie, plaine,
Not harſh, nor hardly wreſted from her throat:
No bird there is knowne ſooner by her ſtraine,
In ſuch regard is growne the Cuckoes note:
  Yet is her voice ſo pleaſant to the eare,
  It glads the meaneſt creature it doth heare,
  For neuer I beheld ſo foure a face,
  But for to heare her ſong did laugh apace.

Fond wantonizing *Ouid* giue vs place,
Compariſons in all things are not meet; 3090
'Tis not your Nightingale that can diſgrace
The Cuckoes tunes, ſo muſicall, ſo ſweet:
  Her warbling notes ſcarce equall halfe the skill
  That is compact within a Cuckoes bill: (to ſing,
  Packe hence (poore Woodcock) teach your bird
  The lovely Cuckoe is of Birds the King.

O Greatly

Greatly I maruaile thou wouſd'ſt be ſo blind,
Being a man of wiſdome, to preſer
That piping bird, ſprung from a pewling kind,
A fœminino genere. Before the Cuckolds merrie Trumpeter; 3100
Since ſhe complaines of murder, rape, and wrong,
The Cuckolds glorie is the Cuckoos ſong:
Nulla poteſt cuculo æquiualere meo. And when ſhe chantes it in her pleaſant mood,
Shee makes the ſweeteſt noiſe in all the Wood.

And yet (in truth) I cannot much thee blame,
If ignorance did leade thee thus awrie;
Thou wouldſt have writ diuinely in her fame,
If thou hadſt knowne a Cuckolds dignitie:
And highly hadſt thou grac'd thy wanton vaine
In prayſing her, that ſings thy prayſe againe. 3110
This, this had been a ſubject for thy pen,
To all thrice welcome that are married men.

But ſince I thinke thou bore no good affection
To honeſt Cuckolds, nor the Cuckoes ſong.
Thy bookes of Loue doe make a plaine detection,
Thy mind was much inclined vnto wrong,
And thou a lewd profeſſed Cuckold-maker,
And therefore wouldſt not be with her partaker.
For ſtill Experience euidently ſhewes,
That Cuckold-makers are the Cuckoes foes. 3120

Famous Sir *Geffrie Chaucer*, you were wiſe,
And worthily eſteemed an Engliſh Poet,
And like a Scholler you could poetiſe:
Yet once you plaid the foole I let you know it.
For in that great aſſemblie which you make,
Wherein together birds did counſaile take,
You greatly wronged this birds magnificence,
In giuing her ſo ſmall preheminence.

Reaſon

Reaſon it was, ſhe ſhould before the reſt
Haue taken place, and order, in her ſtation; 3130
Both for her voice, which is in great requeſt,
And alſo for the Cuckolds reputation.
  But you no Cuckold were, it may be deemed,
  Or Cuckolds then were not ſo much eſteemed:
  Or (ſure) Sir *Geffrie*, you were beetle-blind
  In tearming baſely ſuch a bird vnkind.

But as for *Skelton* with his Lawrel Crowne,
Whoſe ruffling rimes are emptie quite of marrow:
Or fond *Catullus*, which ſet groſſely downe
The commendation of a ſillie Sparrow: 3140
  Becauſe their lines are void of eſtimation,
  I paſſe them ouer without confutation.
  Much would the Cuckoe thinke herſelfe impared,
  If ſhee with Philip Sparrow were compared.

Let chirping Philip learne to catch a flie,
And picke vp crums from off his Miſtris finger:
And let the Nightingales ſweet harmonie
Win her the name and title of a ſinger:
  Theſe are not all the praiſes we can bring
  To praiſe the Cuckoe which attends the ſpring. 3150
  For well I may alleage in her defence
  She is a bird of wonderous patience.

Too much it were to reckon all the wrong,
And euery iniury doth her betide:
No ſooner ſhe begins her louely song,
Which Knaues and Minions cannot well abide,
  But one or other Woodcocke that doth heare her,
  With threats and curſings is at hand to teare her,
  That ſure I thinke ſhe could not liue a day,
  If ſhe did want the wit to flie away. 3160

One finde fcolies and mocks her to her face,
(As if her words did not concerne his honour)
Another being angrie, chides apace,
And with a murmer hits a flame light on her:
  The comes a third will neither curse nor mock her,
  But fcolies with frowes and cudgels for to knock her.
  Thus lives the Cuckoe, which offendeth no man,
  Scorn'd, perfecuted, both of man and woman.

Mean while the harmlesse creature (pretie Fowle)
Flies vp and downe content from tree to tree; 3170
Gently with patience she abides controll,
For neuer was she angrie I could see:
  But still with meekenesse and great modestie
  Well she digests their incivilitie;
  And not a word she gives them vndiscreetly,
  But onely Cuckoe, which she sings most sweetly.

As in her language if you marke her well,
Thus to the busie fooles the bird did speake:
Cuckolds (quoth she) whose conscience is your hell,
And thinke on me your malice for to wreake; 3180
  You that doe take the Horne in such disgrace,
  Grieuing to have it grafted on your face,
  Content your selues, your fortunes are not daintie,
  The Cuckoe saith, that Cuckolds there are plentie.

Then frolicke, Sirs, this fragrant time of yeare,
Pale iealousie was neuer void of woe,
Sorrow is more encreast by needlesse feare,
Heart-fretting care to health was euer foe:
  Your States, the Cuckoe tels you, are no worse
  Than many thousands, which nor brawle nor curse: 3190
  Many do beare great bookes, know scarce a letter,
  Many are learned which are nere the better.

Many

Many are Cuckolds, which ſuppoſe they are not;
Some are No Cuckolds, which thinke they are none:
Wife be the Cuckolds which both be and care not;
Fond is the man which is not, will be one:
But one or not one, ſtill I am your friend,
You either are, or may be in the end.
I ſing your prayſes to expell your ſorrow,
And thus the Cuckoe bids you all Good morrow. 3200

Three degrees of Cuckolds. One & none. One and one. None, and one.

Ah ſweet and pleaſant bird, how I admire
The vnregarded vertue of thy kind!
How neere thy meet behauior doth aſpire
Vnto the patience of the Cuckolds mind!
Certes it is a glorious thing to ſee
The Cuckoe thus with Cuckolds to agree,
And well deſerues ſome worthy Poets pen,
That birds can learne the qualities of men.

Anger the Rauen, he will flye about,
As though his meaning were to ſeize vpon thee; 3210
The Goose will gaggle, and the Cocke crie out,
And euery other bird call ſhame vpon thee:
Annoy the Larke, and he will hang the wing,
Trouble the Nightingale, ſhe leaues to ſing;
Onely the Cuckoe, which ſurmounts them all,
She ſtill chaunts Cuckoe, whatſoere befall.

Inter aues etinim nulla tibi similis.

No hurt ſhe meanes to any liuing thing,
And therefore deemes no creature will her harme:
For when her little egges ſhe forth doth bring,
Within anothers neaſt ſhe layes them warme, 3220
Suppoſing that kind bird will loue them deare,
As Cuckolds doe, which no deceit doe feare,
Suffering their wiues to keepe good companie,
Thinking that men will vſe them honeſtly.

Neither doe I eſteeme her as a Sinner,
(Although *Pythagoras* reproue the fault,
Which neuer eat an egge vnto his dinner,
But onely fed vpon a root and ſalt)
  Becauſe ſhe flyes into anothers neſt,
  And ſuckes the egges which there ſhe liketh beſt, 3230
  Nor doth ſhe more deſerue and merit blame,
  Than honeſt men, which daily eat the ſame.

Rather I deeme her worthy commendation,
(If to the Cuckoe her deſert we giue)
Since ſhe deuoures and ſuckes their procreation,
That eat the corne whereby mankind ſhould liue.
  Herein ſhe ſhewes herſelfe a friend to man,
  Seeking his good by all the meanes ſhe can,
  Both in applaudiug them which weare the horne,
  And ſucking vp their brood which eat the corne. 3240

Kind gentlewomen, ye which take delight,
A pratling Parrat in your Cage to haue,
Becauſe ſhe prates good morrow and good night,
Or bids a ſawcie fellow Walke a knaue.
  And ye which keepe a Puppie or a Daw,
  To make you laugh by playing with a ſtraw,
  Let not theſe toyes be thought a womans treaſure,
  But keepe the louely Cuckoe for your pleaſure.

Your Jack-daw cannot with her ſiluer bell
Match this ſweet bird, the mistreſſe of the Spring; 3250
And truſt me truly, ſhe doth farre excell
Your Puppie and your Parrat in each thing.
  The Parrat prates as ſhe is taught by rote,
  This bird by nature hath a merrie note.
  And all her ſongs, in lieu of fauors ſhowne,
  Shall tell your husbands glorie, or your owne.

Thrice

Thrice famous *Dauid Lindſey* of the North,
Thou hadſt great conference with a Popingay,
Which erſt did tell thee many things of worth,
As they in print are extant at this day: 3260
  Yet greater matters might thy pen haue painted,
  If with the Cuckoe thou hadſt beene acquainted:
  For deeper myſteries doth ſhe bewray,
  Than euer was reueal'd by Popingay.

No bird, nor any creature hath the grace,
(Though they in other qualities excell)
Which can ſo truly to a mans owne face
In good plaine tearmes his proper title tell.
  No ſooner ſhe a married man eſpies,
  But in her language Cuckoe ſtraight ſhe cries: 3270
  Which her a prophet makes me to suppoſe,
  Since ſecret faults ſo openly ſhe ſhewes.

If ſhe farre off a company deſcrie,
Or by the noyſe their comming vnderſtand,
Cuckoe ſhe doubles moſt melodiouſly,
As if ſhe said, More Cuckolds are at hand:
  And (though ſhe neuer ſee them) ſhe can tell
  Both what the perſons are, and where they dwell;
  Cuçkolds they are, if you their names require,
  And where they dwell? forſooth in Cuckoldſhire. 3280

This is the cauſe, I thinke, that Iealouſie
Repines to heare the Cuckoe ſing ſo faire:
For he, conſum'd with fooliſh phreneſie,
With raging madneſſe, grieſe, and fretting care,
  Kickes like a ſcabbed Iade, when he doth heare
  That name repeated which he needes muſt beare,
  And with impatience brookes her gracious call,
  Which tels him truly what will after fall.

Ano-

Another ſort there are, which cannot well
Abide to heare the Cuckoe for their liues, 3290
But do deteſt her as a Fiend of Hell:
And theſe are women, Minions, vnchaſt wiues,
Which are aſhamed for to haue diſplaid,
How their kind huſbãds they haue Cuckolds made:
Or they are Baſtards, which ſcarce loue to heare
Their mothers faults, and who their fathers were.

But for the yeomen of the horned Crowd,
Me thinkes their joy and comfort is not ſmall,
To heare the Cuckoe carroll out ſo lowd
The wondrous glorie doth their ſtates befall, 3300
And ſo harmonioufly their prayſes ſing,
That Woods and Foreſts with their Ecchoes ring:
Doubtleſſe a Cuckold is a gallant name,
When birds chant Hymnes in honour of the ſame.

And ſuch in ancient times hath been the praiſe,
And eſtimation of this worthie State,
(Though much it be diſgraced in theſe daies,
And ſore abuſed of each ſcoffing Mate)
That Kings and Emperors haue thought no ſcorne,
For arms to beare the beaſts which weare the horn. 3310
And crowns & ſcepters, thrones & great dominiõs,
Are not more rich than hornes in ſomes opinions.

Let famous Greece be witneſſe of this thing,
Where horned heads were wont to beare ſuch ſway,
That ſeldome any came to be their King,
But ſtill he prou'd a Cuckold, as ſome ſay.
This *Menelaus* well could verifie,
Whoſe hornes procur'd *Troyes* endleſſe miſerie:
*Yet not from them aroſe that mortall ſtrife,
But that he could not haue againe his wife. 3320

* The hornes were not the cause.

He

He could haue beene content with all his heart
To haue beene Cuckold, and haue bleſt his fortune,
If they his wife had ſuffered to depart,
Whom he to haue againe did much importune:
  But when he ſaw faire meanes could not obtaine
  It was concluded, he by force ſhould gain her; (her
  To make it knowne, that ſhe was his by right,
  And ſhew himſelfe a Cuckold of great might.

And not alone was he a Cuckold deemed;
But *Agamemnon*, which was eke his brother, 3330
And in the warres as chieſe commaunder ſeemed,
Had happie fortune to be made another.
  Nor could *Vlyſſes* quite himſelfe exile
  From out this companie by any wile:
  For though *Penelope* was loth to marrie,
  So long without a friend ſhe could not tarrie.

Samius saith that all her Woers lay with her, and thereupon *Pan* was begotten.

Suruey the Hiſtories of elder daies;
Peruſe the chronicles of euery Nation;
And thou ſhalt find that men of greateſt praiſe,
Wealth, riches, honor, fame, and eſtimation, 3340
  Moſt valiant, hardie, learned, graue, and wiſe,
  Grieu'd not to be addreſt in Cuckolds guiſe.
  And thus hath Fortune often thought it beſt,
  To make kind-hearted Cuckolds perfect bleſt.

None euer liu'd and haue had better chance,
Or beene inhanced vnto higher ſtate:
None of more valour, might or cheuiſance,
Or in the warres haue been more fortunate,
  Or greater glory and renowne haue wonne,
  Then hath the Cuckold, and the Cuckolds ſonne; 3350
  As from theſe two great Monarchs we may gather
  Great *Alexander*, and his worthy Father.

I will not here infift my lines to cumber,
Let it fuffice that I haue named two.
He which affaies by name to take the number
of ancient Cuckolds fhall haue much to doo.
If he can tell the fands vpon the fhore,
Then he may count the Cuckolds all of yore.
This is enough to free the name from fcorne:
Kings haue not beene afham'd to weare a horne. 3360

But what fhould I dilate of earthly Kings,
Of worldly Monarchs, and of mortall men?
Since *Ioues* owne wife, (as *Ouid* fweetly fings,
And other pleafant Poets erft did pen.)
Iuno the glorious Empreffe of the skies,
Queene of the aire, where winds doe tiranife,
Was through her husbands vfual ribaldry,
Made Ladie regent vnto Cuckoldrie.

Nor had fhe only fuch propitious luck,
(Though fhe in Heauen chiefe Cuckquean was repu- 3370
Vulcan her fonne was headed like a Buck, (ted
And by the lufty God of Warre cornuted.
And *Ioue* himfelf (thogh fome the truth do shroud,
Faining *Ixion* did imbrace a cloud)
Was in this common lot a great partaker,
And both a Cuckold, and a Cuckold-maker.

If then no other matter did commend,
Or paint the glory of a Cuckold forth;
This were enough (me thinks) that I haue pend,
To grace his title and approue his worth. 3380
That *Ioue*, his wife and fifter, and their fonne,
Were fubject to that chance which none can fhun.
And yet a Cuckolds dignitie is fuch,
That in his praife I cannot fpeake too much.

Greatly

Greatly I muſe, and no occaſion find,
Why men ſhould mocke a Cuckold with the horne ;
And ſcoffing Peaſants (as they come behind)
Should with two fingers point at him in ſcorne ;
  Since he hath oftentimes as good a face,
  As he that ſeeks his blemiſh and diſgrace. 3390
  And in his forhead (though you marke him neare)
  Seldome or neuer doe the hornes appeare.

If one but ſtumbles as he goes along,
Or chance to ſtrike his foot againſt a ſtone :
Tis with the vulgar ſort a common ſong ;
Some Cuckold there was buried long agon,
  Whoſe hornes vpſtarting ſtrongly in this place
  Well neare had caſt the fellow on his face.
  Surely I wonder where theſe hornes ſhould be,
  Which each one talkes of, yet could neuer ſee. 3400

But let vs grant, what addle heads ſuppoſe ;
That hornes are grafted on a Cuckolds brow :
Small hurt thereby vnto a Cuckold growes,
Nor is he therefore like an Oxe or Cow,
  Or to be thought a monſter vnto nature,
  Or a miſhapen and deformed creature ;
  But in all points a comely handſome man,
  And not vnlike vnto the great God, *Pan.*

Pan was a mightie *Syluan* God of yore,
And (by tranſlation) *Pan* doth all containe : 3410
Yet on his head a paire of hornes he wore ;
Which ſhewes that hornes to all alike remaine.
  Why then ſhould hornes a Cuckold so diſgrace,
  Since that a God hath borne them on his face ?
  Certes I bleſſe his fortune with my heart,
  Which is alike the Gods in any part.

The filuer Moone, faire *Cynthia* of the night,
The great'ſt and ſwifteſt Planet in the skie,
Which did in marriage neuer take delight,
But as a maid kept her virginitie, 3420
(And therefore cannot well be Cuckold deemed)
Of ſuch great value hath the hornes eſteemed,
That ſtill ſhe weares them, not accounted ſtrange,
Three or foure dayes before and after change.

In great account our Elders heretofore
Did hold the horne, when as they went to fight,
The ſound whereof their ſtrength encreaſed more,
And with freſh courage did ſupply their might.
And when in hunting they purſu'd their game,
They tooke great pleaſure for to vſe the same: 3430
It cheares the dogs, it makes them come and goe;
'Tis much in hunting, well a Horne to blow.

And ſuch a neceſſarie Inſtrument
It is for hunting either Hare or Conie,
That not a Huntſman wants this implement,
Nor would be void of it for any monie.
And ſo much credit now attends it daily,
That euery common Crier, Petie Baily,
Swine-heards and braue Sow-gelders in a pride
Doe beare a horne low dangling by their side. 3440

Matters of chiefe importance are in haſt,
And for more ſpeed diſpatched by the horne:
Great light a Lanthorne, made of horne, doth caſt,
Which with a candle in darke night is borne.
When little children firſt are brought to ſchoole,
A Horne booke is a neceſſarie toole:
Nor can a Shoomaker well lacke this ginne,
A ſhooing-horne exceeds the Squirrels skinne.

What

What ſhould I tell the vertues of the horne,
Which are incredible to muddie braines? 3450
Groſſe ignorance will laugh the truth to ſcorne,
Becauſe beyond his compaſſe it containes:
But let him know, ſome hornes haue ſuch refection,
They can expell each poyſon and infection;
And that the ſhauings of a Horners ſtall,
Good to preſerue are Artichokes withall.

But of all Hornes that euer I haue heard,
None is more famous then the *Horne of Plentie*,
Which had ſo great abundance ſtill prepar'd,
Take while men would, yet it was neuer emptie: 3460
Which (not vnfitly) we may well compare
Vnto the hornes befall a Cuckolds ſhare:
For theſe are cheſts, that hold great ſtore of treaſure,
Though theſe men liue at eaſe, & ſpend at pleaſure.

Such profit and commodities ariſe,
And ſo great gaine redoundeth from the horne,
Vnto the Cuckold, which will blinde his eyes,
And can with patience well endure the ſcorne,
That many haue a better liuing made,
Than by the traffique of their honeſt Trade: 3470
And ſome haue foũd ſuch gettings by theſe means,
That they haue forſd their wiues to play the queans.

Many that ſeeme ſubſtantiall men in Towne,
Reap through the horne an hundred pounds by yeare,
And many which are ſcarcely worth a crowne,
Thus keepe themſelues with pride and lordly cheare:
And many which in priſon haue beene layd,
In taking of the horne their debts haue payd,
That ſure I thinke, though other hornes be daintie,
A Cuckolds horne, it is the *Horne of Plentie*. 3480

And yet not onely doth the horne befriend,
And yeeld the Cuckold that which is his due,
But wondrous profit often doth it ſend
Vnto his wife, although ſhe be vntrue.
By this ſhe earnes great ſtore of golden crowns,
To buy her veluet kirtles, ſilken gownes;
This makes her braue, this makes her fine & nice;
A Cuckolds horne, it is a horne of price.

Nay more then this, which ſome wil think a wonder,
The cuckolds horne maintains the Cuckold-maker. 3490
For need the law will neuer be kept vnder.
The Vine muſt fall, if that the Elme forſake her:
Fertilior ſeges eſt alienis ſemper in arvis.
Some women in another field ſuppoſe,
That deeper graſſe and better paſture growes.
Wantons are wilfull, and before they'l lacke (crack.
Their pleaſures, they will make their purſe ſtringes

Scarce will you thinke a ſwaggering Caualier,
Which hath his garters brauely frindg'd with gold,
Swimmes in his ſilkes, and furſets with good cheare,
And liues as pleaſantly as can be told, 3500
Onely by Cuckold-making thus ſhould liue,
And get no more but what kind wenches giue;
Yet many gallants I haue heard report
Are now maintained after ſuch a ſort.

What ſhould I further amplifie this matter?
Since euery honeſt man which weares the horne,
Can tell for truth I neither mocke nor flatter,
Though fools may deem I write theſe things in ſcorn:
But what they ſay I haue in no regard,
Nor doe I paſſe the cenſure of a knaue. 3510
Vnto the touchſtone of a Cuckolds wit,
The truth for triall euer I commit.

For

For (cert's) I know they are a generation
Of wiſe, diſcreet, ſage, honeſt, ſober men ;
Their name it is a name of eſtimation,
Deſeruing worthily a golden pen.
  But for the horne which fortune them hath ſent
  (Since it would proue ſo fine an ornament)
  Well could I wiſh, that to their greater grace,
  Each Cuckold had two hornes vpon his face. 3520

And yet (graue Patrons) let me here intreat
You would not ſeeme my meaning to miſtake.
For I proteſt, my loue to you is great,
Deuoted to you all for one mans ſake ;
  And therefore thinke not that I vſe this ſpeech,
  Your names, eſtate, or credit to impeach,
  Or by this wiſh deſire your heads to harme :
  For hornes wil keep your heads in winter warme.

But thus the world might know what men you are ;
Which be the ſonnes of Fortune and of Fame : 3530
And thus the better ſort might haue a care
To giue your ſtate what doth belong the ſame ;
  Thus might the name, to which you haue aſpired,
  Be both applauded, honoured, and admired :
  And men would wonder at the ſtrange euent,
  To ſee kind Cuckolds weare this Implement.

Thus euery gentle heart and patient mind,
Which haue the horns, and willingly do weare them,
Might be perceiued from the Keſtrell kind
Of forward iealous fools which grudge to beare thẽ ; 3540
  Thus honeſt Cuckolds might ſequeſtred be,
  From ſcoffing Peasants of a baſe degree ;
  Thus might your glorie be the more increaſed,
  And you well hooded, and your wiues wel pleaſed.

For

For (ſooth to ſay needes muſt it pleaſe your wiues :
To ſee faire hornes vpon your forhead grow,
Sure that the whole demeanor of their liues,
That they deſire the same, doth clearely show,
And if they did not wiſh you ſuch a head,
They would not ſo defile their marriage bed. 3550
But vſuall practiſe makes plaine declaration,
They both deſire and ſeeke this transformation.

If then ſuch profit hereby might ariſe,
Both to your glorie and your wiues content :
Seeme not ſo great a bleſſing to deſpiſe,
Nor ſcorne the wiſhes of my good intent.
For 'tis not ſuch a blemiſh and diſgrace
To haue faire hornes to grow vpon your face,
Neither a wonder to behold this change,
Though gazing fools at firſt might think it ſtrange. 3560

For many famous men of older daies,
(As writers doe record, and ſtories mention)
To their great honour and eternall praiſe,
Without reproch, ſcoffes, mockes, or reprehenſion,
Haue had the fore-part of their comely head
With two faire hornes full ſeemely furniſhed.
This may you well perceiue by horned *Pan*,
Which was a mightie God in ſhape of man.

I will not here vpon examples ſtand,
To cloye your minds with wonders, tales, and lies : 3570
Onely for proofe of what I tooke in hand
Theſe few (to paſſe the reſt) ſhall now ſuffice
Cippus, the valiant Roman, who tooke ſcorne
To be a King, (though choſen by the horne)
Did by his hornes become ſo much renowned,
That they on poſtes were painted, and he crowned.

When

When luſtie *Ioue* was once a wanton louer,
And woo'd *Europa*, King *Agenors* daughter,
That he in ſecret might his loue diſcouer,
(Althogh he knew ſome fools would make a laughter 3580 *Cornua parua quidem.*
To ſee the ſame) yet on his head he bare
Of faire bright ſhining hornes a comely paire:
And therefore *Ouids* booke (of leaſings full) *Puraque magis perlucida gemma.*
Doth faine that *Ioue* was turned to a Bull.

On ſtrange and forraine proofes what ſhould I ſtay?
Or tell of antique matters long agone?
The time would faile me, if I ſhould aſſay,
To number all the perſons one by one,
Which to their glorie and their hearts content
Haue on their forheads worne this implement: 3590
Our preſent time for truth can teſtifie,
It is no Monſter, wonder, nor a lye.

For in the North is ſituate a Towne,
Bounding vpon the Riuer named Aire,
Which for the Trade of Clothing is well knowne,
And for ſtrong nappie Ale hath great repaire,
Whereas an honeſt man did lately dwell,
(A patient Cuckold, as Report doth tell)
Which had a horne faſt growing by his eye,
To ſhew that hornes belong to Cuckoldrie. 3600

Loe here (cornuted Seigniors) here you ſee,
It is no wonder for to weare a horne,
No ſhame or blemiſh vnto your degree,
No ſtaine, diſgrace, reproch, contempt, or ſcorne;
But famous, full of glorie and renowne,
As ancient Writers haue ſet truly downe.
Tis but conceit, that hornes will looke ſo grimly,
Doe but beleeue, and they will fit you trimly.

And, in my iudgement, if you had them growing,
That each one might diſcerne them with his eye, 3610
Fools would not vſe their mocks and apiſh mowing,
Nor knaues ſo much deride your grauitie.
For they perceiuing how the hornes would grace
The ſuperficies of your honeſt face,
Point with their fingers, as if that their taunting
Did ſhew, that ſomething frō your heads were wāting.

Whereas if hornes were preſent to their ſight,
What ſhould they with their fingers need to ſhew it?
Since by this meanes a purblind fellow might
Perceiue your worth, and by the horns might know it. 3620
And then would ſcoffing Peaſants ceaſe to prate,
Becauſe that others plainely ſee your ſtate;
Then ſawcie fellows which their neighbors flout,
Wold ceaſe to mock, their own horns peeping out.

Thus ſhould your name be had in wondrous feare,
And not a man, from greateſt to the leaſt,
Should dare to mocke a Cuckold for his eare,
Nor once againſt the hornes to breake a ieaſt:
Nor ſeeme anothers fortune to deride,
For feare the ſame good lucke might him betide: 3630
And thus I hope your heads haue vnderſtood,
What fruit would bloſſome, if your hornes did bud.

But let us put the caſe, as ſome suppoſe,
That fleering fooles for this might more deride you:
Nought by their miſdemeanour doe you loſe,
Neither (ywis) doth greater ſhame betide you.
Hereby your merit is the more augmented,
If you with patience hold your ſelues contented;
Thē ſcorn that childiſh ſcoffes ſhould make you ſorie,
The more you ſuffer, more will be your glory. 3640

Neuer

Neuer caſt downe your heads, nor be aſhamed,
Though graceleſſe wits vnkindly you entreat;
Your bleſſed fortune cannot be defamed,
Nor prating ſlanderous tongues your praiſe defeat:
  For though your worth and credit in the ſight
  Of ſcoffing perſons be accounted light,
  Yet in the iudgement of the wiſer ſort,
  A Cuckold is a name of good report.

And in defence of all the Patient traine
Here I, as Challenger, doe ready ſtand, 3650 *Pasquils* chalenge.
Iuſtly to proue, vphold, and to maintaine
Againſt the proudeſt Champion in this land,
  That no Promotion, Calling, or Degree
  Can be free from the ſtate of Cuckoldrie;
  And that the Hornepipe is as ſweet a fit
  As euer Fidler playd vpon his kit*.

* A kind of Instrument.

What Countrey in this Vniuerſe is knowne,
Which can affirme from Cuckolds it is free?
What Kingdome, Prouince, Borough, Citie, Towne,
In all the world exempted doe we ſee? 3660
  Which hath not more or leſſe (as Fortune pleaſed)
  The number of kind Cuckolds ſtill encreaſed,
  Or could not yeeld at one time or another
  A horned Father or a horned Mother.

Greatly this title through the world is carried,
And ſo encreaſeth, as we heare by fame,
That if it mought it would be to the married,
As *Homo* is to men a common name.
  And this we ſee apparant at this day,
  For as a ſtranger trauailes by the way, 3670
  If any married perſons dog doth sturre,
  Straight one or other calls him Cuckolds curre.

Truly I doe not much miſlike theſe words,
Becauſe he is, or elſe may be hereafter,
Although I would not haue them with their boords
Miſcall the Cuckolds dog, to make a laughter:
Nor would I wiſh a Cuckold goe to law
For ſuch an idle ieſt, not worth a ſtraw;
Neither for this diſgrace to brawle or curſe,
His ſtate is better, and his dog no worſe. 3680

Much is his ſtate the better, as we may
Perceiue by that which is alreadie said,
And if with patience he can beare away
The Apiſh mockes, which ſometimes will be made:
Beſides his glorie (which before I quoted)
A valiant-minded man he ſhall be noted.
* Stronger he is that holds his furie downe,
Than he which winnes a Fort, or walled Towne.

* *Fortior eſt qui ſe, quàm qui fortiſſima vincit mœnia.*

Great is a Cuckolds honour and his fame,
And wondrous is the glorie of his fate, 3690
Which makes ſome perſons ſo deſire the name
And with ſuch greedineſſe the horne await,
That for becauſe none other will aread
To make them Cuckolds, and to arme their head,
They are content, when time and place importune,
To be the caruers of their owne good fortune.

Thus *Cephalus* in Athens vnperceiu'd,
Like to a merchant clad, his wife did trie:
And thus another man his wife deceiu'd,
Which did belong to *Loues kind Familie.* 3700
Thus on their own heads ſome haue graft the horn,
For very loue they haue to Cuckolds borne,
Which makes me thinke, becauſe of others wiſh,
That Cuckoes eggs are ſure a daintie diſh.

Of

Of all the men that euer I haue knowne,
A Cuckold doth for kindneſſe beare the bell,
Which for his proper vſe keepes not his owne,
But giues in common to his friends as well:
And ſo to courteſie he is allyed,
What ere you aske ſhall hardly be denyed: 3710
That if his wife would any way befriend you,
He will not ſticke his very wife to lend you.

But to his wife, the world doth not containe
A kinder man, replete with all ciuilitie:
Doe what ſhe will, he murmures not in vaine.
But giues her ſcope with all facilitie:
Nor (though ſhe graft the horne) doth he cõplaine.
Since he can doe as much for her againe.
If I by nature had beene borne a woman,
A Cuckold I would haue, or marrie no man. 3720

In vaine it is, and needleſſe for to ſpend
My worthleſſe prayſes on a Cuckolds name:
Words I should ſooner want, them to commend,
Than make a Period fully to their fame:
Or yeeld them all the honor which is due,
And doth of right 'long to the horned crue;
Onely a glimpſe I giue vnto their glorie,
Not able t'reach the height of ſuch a storie.

For how ſhould I a Cuckolds prayſe enchaine
Within the compaſſe of my ſhallow quill, 3730
Which all the ſpacious world doth ſcarce containe,
Such ſtore of Cuckolds euery corner fill:
And ſuch a wondrous troupe the Hornpipe treads,
One cannot paſſe another for their heads,
That ſhortly we ſhall haue (as *Skelton* ieſts)
A greater sort of horned men than beaſts.

If all the Cuckolds in the world were preſt,
And ranged for the field in battaile-ray,
So great an Armie there would be addreſt,
As neuer was the like ſeene to this day: 3740
For ſuch a number would encamped lie,
That *Xerxes* Hoaſt, which dranke huge Riuers drie;
Nor all the Armies which haue beene prepared,
Might with this band of Cuckolds be compared.

Cast vp the number of the birds that flie,
Reckon the ſands which are vpon the ſhore,
Or tell the golden ſtarres which paue the skie,
Then mayſt thou count the Cuckolds all of yore:
For millions of men that haue beene married,
Haue vnto Cornwell without boat been carried; 3750
And ſuch a crowd are of that reputation.
They neuer can be put in numeration.

But though a Cuckold were a word of ſhame,
And ſlander and diſgrace did ſtill attend it,
(As all men know, it is a famous name,
And many married perſons ſhould defend it)
Yet let no Cuckold take it to the heart,
Since both his friends and neighbors beare a part:
It is great comfort to a Cuckolds chance,
That many thouſands doe the Hornepipe dance. 3760

Then to conclude (my friends of Cuckoldſhire)
Grieue not to beare the horne vpon your creſt;
Let not the ſonne be prouder than his Sire,
Your name is famous, and your fortune bleſt,
Your life is void of ſorrow and of care,
Your greateſt croſſes are but neighbors fare;
Spit in the face of Enuie and of Scorne,
There is no credit like the Cuckold's Horne.

LET none ſuppoſe I weare the Horne,
  Becauſe the famous Horne I praiſe; 3770
Or that I am a Cuckold ſworne,
Becauſe his worth I ſeeke to raiſe:
  No, no (poore fooles) in truth you are deceiued,
  Into that Order I was nere receiued.

All are not rich that talke of gold,
Nor Merchants, which the Burſe doe walke,
Nor all Diuines, which Pulpits hold,
Nor ſtrong, which doe of *Sampſon* talke:
  Nor doe my words ſo ſure my ſtate proclame
  To be a cuckold, though I praiſe the name. 3780

And yet by *Vulcans* head I ſweare,
Let fleering Apes their pleaſure ſay,
If I the richeſt Cuckold were
That is in England at this day,
  I know not how the hornes might well content me,
  But of his Liuing I ſhould ſcarce repent me.

Non liber indicium eſt animi, ſed honeſta voluntas
  Plurima mulcendis auribus apta refert.
Accius eſſet atrox: Conuiua Terentius eſſet:
  Eſſent pugnaces, qui fera bella canunt: 3790
Crede mihi, Diſtat Caſus à carmine noſtro,
  Vita verecunda eſt, Muſa iocoſa mea eſt.
Ouid.

Quamobrem licet irrideat, ſi quis vult;
Plus apud me tamen vera ratio valebit,
  quàm vulgi opinio. Cicero. 3795

FINIS.

Pasquil's Palinodia

Etc.

1619-1634.

NOTE.

The original title-page of "Palinodia" is identical with our text, viz: of 1634 (?), except that for 'pinte' it has 'pynte,' for 'Taverne' has 'Tauerne,' for 'furvey' has 'furuey,' for 'vivere' has 'viuere,' and under the woodcut is this:

"LONDON:
Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM, and are to be ſold by *Francis Parke* at his ſhop in *Lincolnes Inne* gate, in Chauncerie Lane.
1619."

In the only known exemplar of the 1634 edition (Douce in Bodleian) the bottom line is cut through and accordingly is filled in by us conjecturally. The third figure might as well be '2' as '3'. The former Sir Egerton Brydges (*Cens. Liter.* vol. vi, p. 195) gives, the latter Mr. J. Payne Collier (*Bibl. Account.* vol. ii, p. 132). See Notes and Illustrations for more on the two editions. — G.

Paſquils Palinodia,

AND

His progreſſe to the Taverne,

Where after the ſurvey of the SELLAR,

you are preſented

WITH

A pleaſant pinte of Poeticall Sherry.

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt
quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus. Horac: *ad mecænatem.*

LONDON,
Printed by T. H. for *Lawrence Chapman*, and are to
be ſold at his ſhop in *Holborne* at *Chancery*
Lane-end. 1634.

APPROBATIO

Innocuos cenſura poteſt permittere luſus,
Laſciva eſt nobis pagina, vita proba eſt.

Sic cenſeo.

M. Valerius Martialis.

THE PRINTER

To the Reader.

GENTLEMEN, *I underſtand that the* AVTHOR *is ſo farre out of patience, to heare that this* Paſquill *is* preſt *for the publicke view, which was entended onely for the private ſatisfaction of his peculiar friends, that hee will not greet the* READER *ſo much as with a Letter of Commendations; yet couſidering that in theſe dayes we are altogether carryed away with* Faſhions, *and that it is quite beſide the cuſtome to put forth a* Poem, *without a* Dedicatory preamble; *let mee I pray you make bold, for want of a better ſcholler, to ſalute the courteous* Reader *with a few words of Complement. Who the* Author *is I know not, and therefore on his behalfe I will be ſilent; yet I heare that hee is of the minde of that merry* Huntſman, *which would neither giue nor ſell his Hare, but when he ſaw the* Trauailler *gallop away with her, and that hee was out of hope to haue her again, he cried out,* Take her, *Gentlmā,* I wil beſtow her on you. *Concerning the* Poem, *although I ſhall be thought to be* ſutor ultra crepidam, *yet in my opinion, it is a tollerable* Pint *of* Poeticall Sherry, *and if the Muſes Celler afford no worſe wine, it will make ſacke better reſpected. and goe doune the merrier.*

To the Reader.

What the peeuiſh, puritanicall, and meager Zoiliſt *out of his malicious humour ſhal calumniate, it ſkils not, for as the Proverb is,* aut bibat, aut abeat*: This diſh was not dreſt to ſet his Dog-teeth on work, & therfore if he like not theſe* Lettice, *let him pull backe his lips, for as the* Poet *ſaith,* Non lux, non cibus eſt ſuavis illi,

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Libellus ad Lectorem ex *Martiale.*

RVmpitur invidia quidam, chariſſime Lector,
quod me turba legit, rumpitur invidia,
Rumpitur invidia, quod ſum iucundus amicis,
quod conviva frequens, rumpitur invidia;
Rumpitur invidia, quod amamur, quodq. probamur,
rumpatur, quiſquis rumpitur invidia.
Non minimum curo; nam cænæ ercula noſtræ,
malim convivis quam placuiſſe Cocis.

Paſquils

Paſquils Palinodia,

OR,

His Pynte of Poetry.

LOe. I the man whoſe Muſe whilome did play
A *horne-pipe* both to Country and the City,
Am now againe enioyn'd to ſing or ſay,
And tune my *crowde* unto another ditty,
To comfort Moone-fac'd *Cuckolds*, that were ſad,
My Muſe before was all in *hornes* yclad,
But now ſhe marcheth forth, and on her backe
She weares a Corflet of old *Sherry Sacke.*

Therefore it is not as in dayes of yore,
When bloud-ſhed and fierce battailes were her ſong
And when her *Trumpets* did *Tantara* rore
Till all her murth'ring Souldiers lay along,
A milder tune ſhe now playes on her ſtrings,
And *Carrols* to good company ſhe ſings, *The dedication.*
To all good fellowes that are wiſe in feaſon,
Liſten a while and you ſhall know the *reaſon.*

Long had ſhe Chaunted for the *horned Crew*
And reap'd no praiſe nor penny from their hands,
Nor cup of drinke, which is a *Fidlers* due
(As every good companion underſtands)
And therefore unregarded being dry,
My *Muſe* grew melancholy out a-cry,
And angry forth ſhe runs into the ſtreets,
Curſing each churliſh *Cuckold* which ſhe meets.

When I beheld her in that moody vaine,
Which wont to be ſo blythe and full of ſport,
After I ran, to call her home againe,
Least ſhe might chaunce to meete ſome man of ſort,
Some wealthy tradeſman, that hath bin *Cornuted*,
Of whoſe large hornes it muſt not be diſputed,
And in this crabbed humour fall to rayle,
And ſo be had to *Counter*, without fayle.

When I my ſullen Muſe had overtooke,
I gan reproue her for her wild behaviour,
And charg'd her to returne, as ſhe did looke
Ever to be receiu'd into my fauour:
But ſhe as mad, as is in *March* a *Hare*,
Did like unto a *Bedlam* ſtampe and ſtare,
And for an houre her patience was ſo weake,
And rage ſo preſt her, that ſhe could not ſpeake.

At laſt when paſſion was a little ſway'de,
And that the raynes of fury gan to ſlack,
A thouſand curſes on the *head*, ſhe ſaid,
Of every *Cuckold*, that cries *What de'e lacke*,
May all their hornes grow viſible to ſight,
May they proue Iealous, and their women light,
And care not who looke on, that all may geere
And laugh aloud when their *Rams heads* appeare.

And may diſcredit, ſcorne, and foule diſdaine
Light on the hornes of euery *Engliſh* Goate,
Vngratefull churles, that reward my paine
Not with ſo much, as with a ſingle groat:
Haue I wip'd off the ſcurrilous diſgrace
Which every Varlet caſt upon their face,
And righted all their wrongs, yet none ſo kinde,
As with faire words to ſhew a thankefull minde?

If

If I had chronicled the hungry *Rats*
Which eate up Corne, and made provision deare,
Or Registred what price a Cade of *Sprats*,
And *pickl'd Herrings*, fare in such a yeere,
  What grim fac'd *Collier* stood upon the *Pillery*,
  And who did march most brauely at *Th' artillery*,
  Or how men walk'd on *Thames* the last great frost,
  Then I am sure my paines had not beene lost.

But I haue labour'd to redeeme their fame,
And lift their heads to honour with my pen,
Disolu'd all clouds that did obscure the fame,
And ranckt them with the worthiest sorts of men,
  I crown'd their *horns* with *baies*, & grac'd thē more
  Then euer any Muse hath done before,
  And yet no *Cuckold* from the forked rankes
  Puts out his *Weathers-face* to giue me thankes.

If for their *wives* I had my lampe-oyle spent,
And in their service drawne my Inke-horne dry,
Those loving creatures would withall content
Haue sought me out, my love to gratifie,
  Kisses and confects had salne with my wishes,
  And many other delicates in dishes,
  And even the pen, that writ in their defence,
  Should haue beene *guilded* for my recompence.

Hapless was I to leave those gentle *Soules*,
Poore *wormes*, that suffer more then all men see,
And take the part of peuerse *Iobornols*,
Void of good *nature*, *loue*, and *courtesie*:
  Now I perceiue my error, and repent
  That I against them was so vehement,
  And that the world may know that I am turned,
  Here I doe wish those bitter lines were burned.

For

To the Reader.

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Paſquils

Well, quoth another, fill a cup of *Sacke*,
And let all *Scolds* be damb'd as deepe as hell,
Abridge her maintenance, and from her backe
Pull her proud cloathes, for they doe make her swell.
  And thus in diuelish counsell there they sit,
  Till with old *Sherry* they have drown'd their wit,
  Then drunke, at mid-night, home the knaue doth (creep,
  And beats his wife, and spues, & fals asleep.

There lyes the beast untill he rise againe
Next day at twelve, when being not halfe well,
A haire of *Bacchus* dog must cure the paine
In which by last nights surfeiting he fell:
  Then he at *Taverne*, as he did before
  Drinks himselfe drunke that day & many more,
  And in this thriftles course his glasse doth runne
  Till he runne out at heeles, and be undone.

And what excuse doth then the *Bankrupt* frame
For his profuse and prodigall expence?
Mary forsooth, his *Wife* did cause the same,
Against whose scolding tongue there's no defence.
  For when a man at home cannot be merry,
  Hee's forc'd to run abroad to drinke old *Sherry*:
  Thus she, poor Turtle, wrong and slander beares,
  Who sits, mean while at home in griefe & teares.

Shall this most false and slanderous accusation
Be currant for the man, and his abuse?
And shall a woman suffer condemnation,
And not be heard to speake in her excuse?
  It is too great a wrong, and most uniust,
  The weaker to the wall should thus be thrust.
  And when she hath a more indifferent cause
  To be deny'd the favour of the lawes.

Shall a vaſt unthrift with a falſe pretence
Wrong his poore wife, and be exempt from blame?
And ſhall a woman which hath iuſt offence,
And forc'd by dogged uſage to her ſhame,
If ſhe another friend do entertaine,
To give her ſome content, and eaſe her paine,
Shall ſhe be cenſur'd with diſgraceſull ſpeeches,
And he ſtand cleere becauſe he wears the breeches?

Mars was the firſt Cuckold maker.

Awake great *Mars*, for ſure thou art aſleepe,
Or ſuch iniuſtice thou wouldſt not let paſſe:
There was a time, when thou didſt love to keepe
And in a corner kiſſe a pretty Laſſe:
And therefore if within thy fiery breſt
Any quicke ſparke of warlike courage reſt,
For old acqaintance ſake doe women right,
And let them not be overthrowne with might.

But *Mars* is deafe, and *Iuſtice* will not heare,
And lawes are partiall againſt womens ſide,
And for becauſe the cruell lawes are cleere
When women in another caſe are try'de,
That by their booke they shall receiue no fauour,
Which unto wicked men is oft a *Sauiour*:
They now ſuppoſe it is a great offence,
If they be heard to ſpeake in their defence.

But they ſhall speake you forked *vnicornes*,
And you ſhall heare them to your ſmall content,
And in deſpight of your ambitious Hornes,
Ile ſtand as Champion for the Innocent:
And ſo diſplay your baſeneſſe and diſgrace,
That children ſhall deride you to your face,
And towne and country both, ſhall notice haue,
That every Cuckold is a foole or knaue.

Peace

Peace idle Muſe, quoth I, and be content,
Thou art too bitter, vehement and loud,
Theſe rayling words will make us both be ſhent,
But *Cuckolds* are growne mighty, rich, and proud,
And *wiſe-men* thinke it is the part of *fooles*
To be too buſie medling with edge-tooles:
And therefore be aduis'd, I do implore thee, (thee.
Leaſt with their horns, for barking, they doe gore

I care not for their greatneſſe, ſhe reply'de,
Nor do I feare them though their horns looke high,
For presently let come what will betide,
Into the City ſhall my iourney lye;
Where I will ring all *Cuckolds* ſuch a peale
As ſhall quite ſhame them in the Common-weale.
Well then, ſaid I, if nought will bring thee backe
Yet ere thou goe lets drinke a pinte of *Sacke.*

For now I ſaw, that in this raging fit
To vſe perſwaſion was but further folly,
And that her paſſion had exil'd her wit,
And drown'd my Muſe so deepe in melancholy,
That for to cure her was no other charme,
But with a cup of *Sack* to make her warme,
And heate her braines, which as all *Poets* finde,
Doth quicken wit, and quallifies the mind.

Betweene the *Muſes* and the God of *wine,*
There is a league of kindneſſe, peace and loue,
There conſanguinity doth them combine,
Being begotten both by luſty *Ioue,*
So that, no Muſe well bred, and truly borne,
Her naturall brothers companie can ſcorne,
And by their crownes their amity is ſeene,
One wearing *Lawrell,* th' other *Iuye* greene.

And this to be the reaſon I ſuppoſe
That every Ioviall *Poet* loues good liquour,
It is the *Heliconian* Butt, that ſweetly flowes
With ſprightly *Sack*, which makes inventiõ quicker,
And hee's no lawfull ſonne unto the *Muſes*
That loues ſmall Beere, and better drinke refuſes,
Nor can a watrish wit the *Lawrell* win,
His Muſe is lanke, and his conceit is thin.

And not alone haue *Poets* theſe conditions,
Merry conceited lads, and like their mothers,
But all their ſervants, *Rymers* and *Muſitions*,
And red-fac'd *Trumpetters*, with many others
Which have with crochets ſtuft their *pericraniõs*,
Are ſtill reputed to be good Companions,
And for this reaſon which is here preſented,
My Muſe to ſee the Tauerne was contented.

Yet to the Citty faine ſhe would have gone,
Yeelding a reaſon for to draw me thither,
As that their wine was better ten to one
Neer to *th' exchange*, where Marchãts meet together,
But I halfe iealous, where great numbers be
That ſome grand *Cuckold* ſhe might chance to ſee,
And in this heate of fury fall to iarre,
Drew her along at last through *Temple-Barre.*

Keepe in your heads my neighbours of the *Strand*,
And looke not out untill my Muſe be paſt,
Your Wiues are good, for ought I underſtand,
And you may be no *Cuckolds*, and they chaſt.
Yet leaſt my Muſe might chance for to diſcry
Something might ſtirre her bile as ſhe walkes by,
For peace-ſake, I intreate you every one,
You would pull in your heads, till ſhe be gone.

Fairely

Fairely we marched on, till our approach
Within the ſpacious paſſage of the *Strand*
Obiected to our ſight a *Summer-broach*,
Ycleap'd a *May-pole*, which in all our Land
No City, Towne, nor ſtreete, can parralell,
Nor can the lofty ſpire of Clarken-well,
Although he have the vantage of a Rocke,
Pearch up more high his turning weather-cock.

Stay quoth my Muſe, and here behold a ſigne
Of harmelſſe mirth and honeſt neighbourhood,
Where all the Pariſh did in one combine,
To mount the rod of peace, and none withstood:
Where no *capritious Conſtables* diſturbe them,
Nor Iuſtice of the peace did seeke to curbe them,
Nor peeviſh Puritan in rayling ſort,
Nor over-wiſe Church-warden ſpoyl'd the ſport,

Happy the age, and harmeleſſe were the dayes,
(For them true loue and amity was found,)
When every village did a May-pole raiſe,
And *Whitſon-ales*, and May-games did abound:
And all the lusty Yonkers in a rout
With merry Laſſes daunc'd the rod about,
Then friendſhip to their banquets bid the gueſts,
And poore men far'd the better for their feaſts.

Then raign'd plaine honeſt meaning and good will,
And neighbours tooke up points of difference,
In *Common lawes* the Commons had no skill,
And publike feaſts were Courts of Conſcience.
Then one grave Serieant at the *Common-pleas*
Might well diſpatch the motions at his eaſe,
And in his owne hands though he had the Law,
Yet hardly had a *Clyent* worth a straw.

Then Lords of Caſtles, Mannors, Townes & Towers
Reioyc'd when they beheld the Farmers flouriſh,
And would come downe unto the Summer-Bowers
To ſee the country-gallants dance the Morrice,
And ſometimes with his tenants handſome daugh-
Would fall in liking, and eſpouſe her after (ter
Vnto his Seruing-man, and for her portion
Beſtow on him ſome farme, without extortion.

But ſince the Summer-poles were overthrowne,
And all good ſports and merriments decayd,
How times and men are chang'd, ſo well is knowne
It were but labour loſt if more were ſaid:
And therefore Ile be ſilent, for I hold
They will not mend although their faults be told,
Nor is it ſafe the ſpur-gal'd world to pricke,
For shee's a luſty Iade, and Iades will kicke.

Alas poore *May-poles*, What should be the cauſe
That you were almoſt baniſh't from the earth?
You never were rebellious to the lawes,
Your greatest crime was harmeleſſe honeſt mirth;
What fell malignant ſpirit was there found,
To caſt your tall *Piramidès* to ground?
To be ſome envious nature it appeares,
That men might fall together by the eares.

Some fiery *zealous Brother*, full of ſpleene,
That all the world in his deepe wiſedome ſcornes,
Could not endure the May-pole ſhould be ſeene
To weare a coxe-combe higher then his hornes,
He tooke it for an *Idoll*, and the feaſt
For ſacrifice unto that painted beaſt;
Or for the wooden *Troian Aſſe* of ſinne,
By which the wicked merry Greeks came in.

But

But I doe hope once more the day will come,
That you ſhall mount and pearch your *Cocks* as high
As ere you did, and that the Pipe and Drum
Shall bid defiance to your enemy ;
And that all *Fidlers* which in corners lurke,
And have beene almoſt ſtaru'd for want of worke,
Shall draw their *Crowds*, and at your exaltation
Play many a fit of merry recreation.

And you my natiue towne, which was of old, *Lord.*
(When as thy Bon-fires burn'd, and May-poles ſtood,
And when thy Waſſall-cups were uncontrol'd,)
The Summer Bower of Peace and neighbourhood,
Although ſince theſe went down, thou ly'ſt forlorn
By factious ſchiſmes, and humours over-borne,
Some able hand I hope thy rod will raiſe,
That thou maiſt ſee once more thy happy daies.

And now conceive us to be come as farre
As the perſpicuous *Fabricke* of the *Burſe*,
Againſt which frame, the old *Exchange* makes war,
Miſdoubting that her trading would be worſe
By the erection of that ſtately front,
Which cries *what lacke ye*, when men look upon't:
But for thy takings, *Greſham*, take no care, (ware
Thou wilt haue doings whilſt thou haſt good

Whil'ſt *Coaches* and *Caroaches* are i'th world,
And women take delight to buy fond Bables,
And o're the ſtones whilſt Ladies will be hurld,
For which their horſes are ſtill kept i'th ſtables,
And whilſt thy ſhops with pretty wenches ſwarm,
Which for thy cuſtome are a kinde of charme
To idle gallants, thou ſhalt ſtill be ſure
To haue good utterance for thy furniture.

And

And therefore be not envious, nor conſpire
Againſt thy younger *Siſters* ſmall beginnings,
Thou art ſo rich thy trade cannot retire,
And ſhe ſo poor thou need'ſt not feare her winnings,
If ought doe raiſe her head, (as who can tell?)
It is her *lowlineſſe* will make things ſell,
Her ſole humility will vent her wares,
For if men wil not climb, ſheel' come down ſtaires.

If ſhe this open courſe had kept before,
And out of ſight her ſhops had not withdrawne,
Doubtleſſe her takings would have bin much more,
For points, gloues, garters, cābrick, ſmocks & lawne.
The man of trade which doth the world begin,
Seldome growes rich if he keep ſhop within:
For by this meanes no cuſtome can be gotten,
And ere he ſell his wares, they will be rotten.

And therefore let a Tradeſman that would thriue,
Firſt get a ſhop in ſome faire ſtreet of taking,
My next advice is, that he fairely wiue,
For ſuch a toy, is many a young mans making:
Then let his ſhop be ſtuft on every ſide
With new additions to increaſe vaine pride,
And he ſhal ſee, great *Gallants* with huge *Broaches*,
Light at his dore from Male and Female *Coaches*.

The *Burſe* of *Britaine* left behind our backe,
We now approach the croſſe, ycleaped *Charing*,
A weather-beaten peece, which goes to wracke,
Becauſe the world of Charity is ſparing.
Hang downe thy head, O *Weſtminſter* for ſhame,
And all you *Lawyers* which paſſe by the ſame,
Bluſh (if you can) and are not brazen faced,
To ſee ſo faire a monument diſgraced.

Doe

Doe not you see how *London* hath repaired *The Crosse in Cheap-side.*
And trim'd her *Sister*, with great charge and cost?
And though her head was from her shoulders pared
Yet is she now restor'd, and fairely *crost*,
Brave *Free-men*, I applaud you for this thing,
And will one day your further praises sing,
Meane while my Muse in commendation tels,
You keep your *wiues most neate, and all things else.*

It is a shame you *Gown'd men of the Law*,
For tis with you that I must put the *Case*,
Although I know you doe not care a straw,
What I doe tell you, yet unto your face
I say, it is a shame, and ill befits,
That you should sell your *shreds of Law & Writs*
At so deare rate, to many a poore mans losse,
And not bestow one Fee to mend this *Crosse.*

For many pious Acts and Monuments
The City will for ever be commended,
Many faire *Colledges* with goodly rents,
From zeale of *Kings* and *Bishops* are descended,
And many private men, our ages wonders,
Haue unto famous *Hospitals* beene founders:
But where survives that worke of Charity,
That from a *Lawyer* drawes his pedigree?

Redeeme your fame, you law-full *Barristers*,
And let the world speake better of your zeale,
The commons say, which are no flatterers,
That halfe the riches of the *Common-weale*
Is in your hands, or will be if you liue,
Because you alwayes take, and nothing give,
And that your Fees which certaine were of old,
Are now uncertaine, like a Coppi-hold. *The Fynes.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

To leaue conceits, that vaniſh as a dreame,
And which our age ſhall ſcarce report as true,
Let us proceede to our intended *Theeme*,
For now to *Weſtminſter* wee neerer drew,
  Which when I did conſider, and withall
  Into what danger we were like to fall
  If we went thither ; I began to thinke,
  It were not beſt to goe ſo farre to drinke.

The reaſon why thus farre I did proceed
And traine my Muſe along from *Temple-Barre*,
Was to avoid the obiect which did breed
The raging paſſion that did reaſon marre,
  Therefore I thought the further I convaide her,
  Frõ ſight of *Cuckolds*, which ſo furious made her,
  She would be ſooner pleaſ'd, becauſe we finde
  That out of ſight is quickely out of mind.

But when I now conceiu'd, that it might proue
As dangerous to goe forwarde, as retire
(And that like to a *Flounder* I did moue
Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire)
  Becauſe through *Weſtminſter* wild *Courtiers* range
  And if there be no *Cuckolds* it is ſtrange,
  Forward I durſt not goe, but turned backe,
  Greatly perplexed where to drinke our *Sacke*.

Whilſt thus I walk't, much troubled and diſmaide,
A voice I heard which from a window ſpake,
And cald, *come hither* (ſo I thought it ſaid)
And thereupon my ſpirit gan awake,
  And upward I did lift mine eyes to ſee
  If that I knew the place, or who was he
  That did me call, when by the *Signe* I found
  It was a ſhop whoſe wares lay under ground.

It is a place whereas old *Sherry Sacke*
Is kept in durance in a dungeon deepe,
Attended by young *Beagles* at his backe,
Whose yawling throats will never let him sleepe,
But when that he would take his rest, they spowte
And grieuously they *hoope* & *pipe* about him, (him
And for to let him blood they neuer stint,
Into a Gallon, Pottle, Quart, or Pint.

There lyes he *Prif'ner* to the God of *Drinke*,
Entomb'd within a *Coffin* like a *Barrell*,
Because he was so forward, as I thinke,
With good stale *English-Beere* to picke a quarrell:
For he no sooner came upon our shore
And met *March-Beere*, which he nere saw before,
But straight perforce they two must try a fall
Where both were cast and spewd against the wall.

Which thing when *Bacchus* heard, he for them sent,
And *Sacke* condemn'd to dungeon darke as night,
Because he was so bold and insolent
On *English* ground against *March-Beere* to fight.
Beere by his doome was barreld up alive,
Because that with a stranger hee would strive,
But was committed to a lighter vault,
For in his owne defence he made th' assault.

Not farre from *Sherry sacke* in prison lye
Many braue *Spirits*, for the like offence,
Whom *Bacchus* useth with great tyrannie,
And for their liberty will not dispence,
Vntill the cruell [illegible] h his spawne
Of little *Cur* [illegible] them drawne,
And many [illegible] them blood,
Which I [illegible] good.

In

In dreadfull darkeneſſe *Alligant* lies drownd,
Which marryed men invoke for procreation,
Next unto him briske *Claret* is faſt bound,
Which addes to *Veniſon* more acceptation:
Another corner holds pale colour'd *White*,
Which to ſee *Iordane* doth a man incite,
And feeble *Rheniſh* on the *Rack* there ſtrives,
And calls for help to Merchants and their wiues.

Strong hoop'd in bonds are here conſtrain'd to (tarry,
Two kinſmen neere allyde to *Sherry Sack*,
Sweet *Malligo*, and delicate *Canary*,
Which warme the ſtomacks that digeſtion lacke;
They had a *Page* whom, if I can make meeter,
Ile let you know, they call'd him *See me Peter*,
But being found, he did no great offence,
Paying his fees, he ſoone was drawne from thence.

Farre in the Dungeon lyes a dainty youth,
With his ſweet Brother, as their names make known,
Vnlawfully begotten in the *South*,
And therefore are cal'd Baſtards, *white* and *browne*.
For love to theſe haue women beene convicted,
And ſtill unto them ſome are ſo addicted
Although with other drinks their minds are plea- (ſed,
Yet without *Baſtard* they are never eaſed.

Within the utmoſt limits of this Cell,
Surrounded with great *Hogs-heads* like to burſt,
Old *Muſcadine* without his egges doth dwell,
And *Malmſey* though laſt nam'd, yet not the worſt:
Yet theſe are better us'd then all the reſt.
For ſeldome doe the *Beagles* them molleſt,
But in a morne, for then our uſe is moſt,
To call for theſe, and drinke them with a Toſt.

Compast with fetters, these and many more
Tumble in darkness one upon another,
And never are in quiet, till the *score*
Kept by the *Iaylors* wife, an aged mother,
Hath drawn them dry, and then again they vent (them,
And in another *case* anew torment them,
Porters. And sometimes cruel *Sarasins* do roll them, (them.
Which are so stubborn, that none dare controule

Yet none of all these are more hardly used,
Than is that true good-fellow, *Sherry Sack*,
If you should heare how much he is abused,
You needs must weep, or else remorse you lack,
Trodden with feet, sold like a slave, rackt, jumb'ld,
Let blood, drawn dry, and by fell Porters tumbl'd,
And left al these base wrongs should not provoke him,
With *Yesso* they him purge, with *Lime* they choak him.

Thus cold and comfortlesse is he confin'd,
Vnto a hideous Cave, resembling hell,
Whereas the *Suns* bright beames yet never shin'd,
Nor can he heare *Cock* crow, nor found of *Bell*,
Nor know how time doth passe, for all his light
Is from a Candle, both by day and night,
And all the company which do frequent him,
Are only nimble *Spirits* that torment him.

Late in the night when most men are asleep,
And few are stirring, but theeves, cats, and crickets,
Into the vault the *Iaylor* down doth creep,
Where how he deals with *bung-holes* and with *spickets*
I cannot tell, yet some men do relate,
He makes these strangers prove *adulterate*,
And that's the cause when women thereof taste,
They fall to lewdesse and become unchaste.

For

For to beget a wife well featur'd childe,
Some have prescrib'd, that men must use good dyet,
With unsound meate, the body is defilde,
And with bad Wine, the humours made unquiet,
  Good wine doth breed good bloud, which makes me thinke
  If wives are naught, tis long of naughty drinke;
  For Woman is by kinde a vertuous creature,
  If vicious potions doe not change her nature.

From these close-*Seller* iumblings doe arise
Great harmes, and much annoyance to mans body,
For false impostur'd wines doe hurt the eyes,
And turne a wife man oft into a noddy,
  Within the braine vile excrements they gather,
  Which unto most diseases are the Father,
  As deafnes, rheums, coughs, gouts, & distillations,
  Convulsions, palsies, itch, and inflammations.

These are the cause of quarrels and debate,
Wrath, Wounds, Disorder, Lust, and Fornication,
For note, how long men drinke immaculate
And honest Wine, without sophistcation.
  So long mad passion is stayde Reasons slave,
  But when the Drawer once doth play the knave,
  And makes his wine dishonest, and turn whore,
  Then presently the Boyes begin to rore.

And now I call to minde a pretty Tale
My *Tutor* told me when I was a Boy,
Of some old Souldiers (if I doe not faile)
He cald them *Greeks*, that sack't the town of *Troy*,
  The sacking was by base compounded *Sacks*,
  Which laid the *Troians* senseleſſe on their backs,
  And ever since good Fellowes for the fame,
  True *Troians* and mad *Greeks* have had to name.

Invadunt urbem vino.

Where

Troymouant. Where *Troy* did ſtand, I almoſt have forgot,
Vnleſſe it was where *London* now is ſeated,
For ſure no *Troian* better lov'd the pot,
Nor with old *Sack* hath oftner beene defeated
Than hath our *City-Troians*; yet I gather
It ſtood about the Ile of *Tenet* rather
For (as I well remember,) he did ſay
The Iſland *Tenedos* ſtood in the way.

But let the *Poets* place it where they will,
And tell of doughty warriors clad in ſteele,
How ſtiffe *Achilles* did ſtout *Hector* kill,
And drag'd his body beaſtly by the heele,
Theſe are but fictions, for the truth is plaine,
The *Troians* were but drunk, there was none ſlaine,
And what wiſe man will ſay, they were not drunk,
To fight ten yeeres about a reſtie Punke?

But when the Souldiers were with *Sack* ſuppreſſed,
And ſome of them lay weltring in their goare,
And ſome on Beds and Benches ſowlie dreſſed,
So gap'd for breath, that one might heare them ſnore,
And all the drunken *Troians* were aſleep,
In their diſgorged pickle laid to ſteepe,
Homewards the merry Greeks returned ſinging,
Yet having little cauſe to boaſt their winning.

For hereupon blinde *Homer* tells a fable,
Of wonders that befell in their retire,
How *Circe* with a potion execrable
Converted them to hogs be-dawb'd in mire,
And how the *Syren* with her pleaſant laies,
Sung ſweetly unto them whom ſhe betraies,
Whereas the *Morall* is, that wine compounded,
At *Mermaid*, into ſwine thoſe Greeks confounded.

Tis

Tis not the virgin liquor of the Grape
That turnes a man into a filthy *Swine*,
A *Goat*, an *Aſſe*, a *Lyon*, or an *Ape*,
Such beaſtly fruits ſpring never from the Vine,
  Brisk bluſhing *Claret*, and ſayre mayden *Sherry*,
  Make men couragious, loving, wiſe, and merry:
  It is adulterous wine that playes the Puncke,
  And robs men of their reaſon being drunk.

By this time I ſuppoſe you may conjecture
What this dark Dungeon is, and that the houſe
Of which my Muſe hath read ſo long a Lecture,
Is nothing but a *Schoole* where men carrouſe,
  And learne to drinke; a little common-wealth,
  Where every man is free to drinke a health,
  And none denide that can diſcharge the *ſcore*:
  In briefe, it is a *Taverne*, and no more.

The ſtrangers there captiv'd, you well diſcover
As being with them doubtleſſe well acquainted,
And therefore vainely to recite them over,
My Muſe of *ſurpluſſage* would be attainted,
  Yet of their *Iaylour* I muſt needs complaine,
  Which doth with ſo great ſtrictneſſe them reſtrain,
  That without money, none their ſight comes neer,
  And then attir'd in *Pewter* they appeare.

The *Buſh* did wag, the Dog did ſhake his tayle,
When firſt my Muſe and I approach'd the wicket,
The *Drawers* bid us welcome and *al-haile*,
And ask't what was our pleaſures with the *ſpicket*,
  I cald for their directions how to finde,
  From whence the voyce was to mine eares inclin'd
  When ſtraight anon a nimble *Mercurie*,
  Brought us up ſtaires among good company.

It was the day of all days in the yeare,
That unto *Bacchus* hath his dedication,
When mad 'braind Prentices, that no man feare,
O'rethrowe the dens of *bawdie* recreation,
Whē *Tailors, Coblers, Plaist'rers, Smiths & Masons,*
And every Rogue will beat down *Barbers Basons,*
Whereat *Don Constable* in wrath appeares,
And runs away with his stout *Halberdiers.*

It was the day whereon both rich and poore,
Are chiefly feasted with the selfe same dish,
When every paunch till it can hold no more,
Is *Fritter-fild,* as well as heart can wish.
And every *man* and *maide* doe take their turne,
And tosse their Pancakes up for feare they burne,
And all the Kitchen doth with laughter sound,
To see the Pancakes fall upon the ground.

It was the day when every kitchen reekes,
And hungry bellies keep a *Iubile,*
When *Flesh* doth bid adue for divers weekes,
And leaves *old Ling* to be his deputie,
Though carnall Libertines are so inclin'd
That still they love to taste what is confin'd,
For all their humours are so violent
They'le rather fast at *Easter,* than in *Lent.*

It was the day when *Pullen* goe to block,
And every Spit is fill'd with belly tymber,
When *Cocks* are cudgel'd down with many a knock,
And *Hens* are thrasht to make them short and limber,
When country wenches play with stool & ball,
And run at *Barly-breake* until they fall,
And country Lads fall on them in such sort,
That after forty weekes they rue the sport.

And

And on this day, the Feast to magnifie
Of merry *Bacchus*, which did here *reside*,
Within this *Tavern* met a company
Of true, kinde, honest, hearts, quite voyd of pride,
That good companions and good husbands are,
And know both how to spend and how to spare,
That can be merry and yet never quarrell,
Nor drown their wits and reason in a Barrell.

And heare with many welcomes were received
My Muse and I, and fell to drinking *Sherry*,
Where after some few cups, as I conceived,
So it fell out, my Muse grew passing merry,
And from her sullen humour which did raigne,
She was transported to a better vaine,
And gan to sing, like to a *Ioviall drinker*,
In praise of *Sack*, and tun'd it to the *Tinker*.

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu.

Qui canit arte canat, qui bibit arte bibat.

COme hither learned Sisters,
and leave your *forked* Mountaine,
I will you tell where is a *Well*,
doth far exceed your *Fountaine*,
Of which if any *Poet*,
do taste in some good measure,
It straight doth fill, both his head and quill,
with ditties full of pleasure,
And makes him sing, give me *Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
to make the Muses merry,
The life of mirth, and the joy of the earth,
is a cup of good old *Sherry*.

* Parnassus

* Castalius.

Frustra poeticas fores compos sui pepulit.

Tis

* *Apollo.*

Tis not the God of* *Physicke*,
  nor his *Apothecary*,
Nor all his Drugs that ſtand in baggs,
  with Potions ordinary,
That now ſhall be regarded,
  or had in any wonder,
His Urinall againſt the wall,
  he now may piſſe aſunder.
For we have found *old Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
  which makes a ſicke man merry,
The life, &c.

It is the true *Nepenthes*
  which makes a ſad man frolike,
And doth redreſſe all heavineſſe,
  cold Agues and the Chollicke,
It takes away the crutches
  from men are lame and cripled,
And dryes the poſe, and rheumes of the noſe,
  if it be ſoundly tipled.
Then let us drinke *old Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
  which makes us ſound and merry,
The life, &c.

Liberos, inquit Cicerum [illegible], & afferit [illegible], & [illegible], ita [illegible] [illegible].

It is the River *Lethe*,
  where men forget their croſſes,
And by this drinke they never thinke
  of poverty and loſſes,
It gives a man freſh courage,
  if well he ſup this *Nectar*.
And cowards ſoft, it lifts aloft,
  and makes them ſtout as *Hector*,
Then let us drinke *old Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
  which makes us ſtout and merry,
The life, &c.

Do proelio [illegible] interrum.

It

It is the well of *Concord*,
  where men doe take up quarrels,
When love doth lacke, by drinking *Sacke*
  they draw it from the *Barrels*.
If drunkards are unruly,
  whom *Claret* hath enflamed,
With a cup or two, this *Sacke* can doe,
  they ſleepe, and ſo are tamed.
Then let us drink *old Sack, old Sack* boyes,
  which makes us kinde and merry,
The life, &c.

Omnia onimi aſperitas dulciori ſucco mitigatur: lenit tranſitum ſpiritus, ac molliores efficit meatus.

Bibant, & furoris ſui non recordentur.

Qui bene bibit bene dormit.

The *Broth* with Barly ſodden,
  compares not with this licker,
The Draymans *Beere* is not ſo cleere,
  and foggy *Ale* is thicker:
Metheglin is too fulſome,
  cold *Cyder*, and raw *Perry*,
And all drinks ſtand with Cap in hand
  in preſence of old *Sherry*.
Then let us drinke *old Sack, old Sack* boyes,
  which makes us blythe and merry,
The life, &c.

Multæ aliæ potiones ſunt, quibus in penuria homines utuntur tamen inter omnes hoc vinum tenet primas, quia datur nobis ad neceſſitatem, ad ſanitatem, & ad hilaritatem.

No fiery red-fac'd *Claret*,
  attended with his *Borrage*,
No *Rheniſh* wine that's piſſing fine,
  nor white, that cooles the courage;
No baſe begotten *Baſtard*,
  nor bloud of any berry,
Can raiſe the *Braine* to ſuch a ſtraine,
  nor make the heart ſo merry.
Then let us drinke *old Sack, old Sacke* boyes,
  which makes us blythe and merry,
The life, &c.

Hoc vinum acuit ingenium.

Pasquils Palinodia.

The Citizen loves fidling,
that he may friske and caper,
The *Scholler* lookes upon his bookes,
and pores upon a paper.
The gentle bloud likes hunting
where dogs doe trace by fmelling,
And fome love hawks, fome groves, and walkes,
and fome a handfome dwelling.

Sacke fapit omnia.

Yet all thefe without *Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
makes no man kindely merry,
The life, &c.

Vinum dicitur quia vinculum focietatis.

The knot of hearty friendfhip,
is by good *Sack* combyned,
They love no *Iars*, nor mortall *wars*,
that are to *Sack* inclined,

Sine Cerere & Baccho frigit Virtus.

Nor can he be difhoneft,
whom *Sack* and *Sugar* feedeth,
For all men fee, hee's fat and free,
and no ill humour breedeth.
Then let us drinke *old Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
that makes us fat and merry,
The life, &c.

Vt cor per tristitiam contrahitur & torpescit, ita per vini lætitiam laxatur & titillat.

A quart of *Sack* well burned,
and drunke to bed-ward wholly,
I dare be bold doth cure the cold,
and purgeth *Melancholly*.

Rugaque frontis abit.

It comforts aged perfons,
and feemes their youth to render,
It warmes the braines, it fils the veynes,
and freth bloud doth ingender.
Then let us drinke *old Sack*, *old Sack* boyes,
which makes us warme a[illegible]y,
The life, &c

Sacke

ıkes a faithfull subiect,
ɔth no treason study,
h he thinke, when he takes this drink,
ɔtting murthers bloudy,
ıes his King and Country,
ı whom he never started,
great blacke *Iack* well fild with *Sack*,
ıh make the *Guard* true-hearted.
ı let us drinke *old Sack, old Sack* boyes,
ıich makes true Subiects merry,
: life, &c.

In vino veritas.

ɔ care comes neere this fountaine,
where ioy and mirth surpasses,
And the God of drink stands up to the brink,
all arm'd in *Venice* glasses.
And cals upon good Fellowes
that are both wise and merry,
That about this spring, they would dance and sing,
and drinke a cup of *Sherry*,
Then let us drinke *old Sacke, old Sacke* boyes,
which makes us wise and merry,
And about this spring, let us dance and sing,
and drinke a cup of *Sherry*.

Eluit curas, & ab imo animum movet.

Aliquando in exultationem & libertatem est animus extrahendus, tristisque sobrietas removenda paulisper.

Thus sung my Muse, and thus the storms were laid,
And she grew debonaire and fairely calme.
When any Muse with rage is over-swaid,
Let *Poets* learne it is a soveraigne balme,
To wet their pipes with good facetious *Sherry*
Which makes thẽ iocond & most sweetly merry,
And thus I brought her home, wher now she rests,
The feast is done, y'are welcome all my guests.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Aliquando insanire iucundissimum est.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

—o—

I. CORNUCOPIÆ.

PROŒMIUM.—L. 4, "*Francklins*"= small land-holders; l. 9, "*Pasquil*"—see our Introduction on this; l. 20, "*fleering*"= sneering; l. 27, "*affectation*"=affection, lengthened; l. 35, "*randon*"=random, by stress of rhyme with "abandon;" elsewhere similarly there is "buxon" for "buxom" (l. 636); l. 37, "*fond*"= foolish; at end Latin quotation, ll. 1-2 are from Martial (Epigr I. 4, ll. 5-6) Ad Librum suum: l. 3 (with the conjunction "Sed") from Martial, Epist. ad Lectorem prefixed to Lib I. of the Epigr.

CORNUCOPIÆ.—L. 9, "*Broker*"= query, pawn-broker?

l. 17, "*Machiuilian*"—the name of Machiavelli was given as a cant-word for every conceivable wrong-doing for many a day; nor has it yet ceased to be used.

l. 18, "*codpeece*"=protuberance in front of the breeches of the sixteenth century—used as a pin-cushion also.

l. 25, "*Tos-pot*"=toss-the-pot, a great drinker.

l. 40, "*husband*"=keeper of a house or farm: A. S. *hus*, house and buan to preserve, hence=good manager or economical, and the verb to "husband."

l. 43, "*minions*"= favorites (licentious). Cf. ll. 482 and 2089.

l. 52, "*Turning*"= query, "tuning"? If not,=screwing up, as in "tuning" a stringed musical instrument.

l. 53, "*Spanish blocke*"= Spanish hat, or from a "block" like that on which such are moulded; cf. Wright and Halliwell-Phillipps *s.n.*; l. 54, "*Standing Pickadell*"= collar or ruff.

l. 57, "*horse-taile locke*"= queue, or long lock? l. 61, "*bourd*"= jestingly invite or welcome (as at one's own "board").

l. 63, "*have to*" for "after" in 1623.

l. 75, "*drab*"= loose woman, or at least slovenly.

l. 89, "*Chapman*"= merchant (in a small way).

l. 99, "*Slight*"= sleight.

ll. 103-4, The " would seem to indicate a quotation, but it may be simply a proverbial saying.

l. 105, "*certs*"= certes.

l. 119, "*Stolne bread is sweete*": *cf. Proverbs, ix*, 17.

l. 126, "*gennet*"= a small (spirited) Spanish horse—used here metaphorically.

l. 135, "*coxecombe*"= Fool's symbol.

l. 149, "*whithered*" = withered, as elsewhere "Where" for "Were."

l. 156, "*Pippin Squire*" = pimp?

l. 161, "*Woodcocke*" = silly fellow.

l. 173, "*Provant*" = provender; l. 175, "*poore John's*" = Hake or haik fish, dried and salted.

l. 295, "*too*"—"to" and "too" were used without distinction anciently: see l. 324 *et frequenter*.

l. 315, "*shoots his bolt*" = arrow.

l. 352, margin note, "*New Knights*"—King James's "New Knights" were much ridiculed from their plentifulness and cheapness of purchase. Probably *Cornucopiæ* was published, or at least composed, long before 1612.

l. 357, "*blind Baiard*" = blind bay-horse; l. 359, "*prest*"—ready.

l. 361, "*Spurre blind.*" There is "spur-gally" = extremely poor—probably allied to this.

l. 399, "*Smith-field*"—printed with a capital, though it is "f" in original.

l. 415, "*hackney-foole*" = hired foole?

l. 424, "*would*"—note rhyme with "gold," but gold was pronounced for long "gould," or "goold," as was Rome-Roome.

l. 432, "*naught*" = naughty, wicked; and cf. l. 576; l. 435, "*assing'd*" = assigned.

l. 479, "*see*"—1623 "find."

l. 520, "*continues*"—collective nominative in l. 519.

l. 566, "*Patient Grefill and True Constance*"—of the ballads and one Play (at least).

l. 568, "*great frost*"—various early "Frosts" of the Thames are recorded. The dates of the publication of *Cornucopiæ* being uncertain, makes it impossible to say which was here intended.

l. 569, "*cote*" = quote.

l. 584, "*tex*" = text.

l. 602, "*Long-tailes*" = a singular Kentish legend, very frequently noticed on to Marvell, and even as late as Peter Pindar. For the myth see Lambarde's *Kent*. For a solution of the mystery consult J. F. Morgan's *England under the Norman Occupation* (p. 40) as thus: "There was a mile peculiar to Kent, as well as a customary field admeasurement. These long tales are possibly the longtails, of which this county used to be so proud."

l. 610, "*Grauesend Toast*"—"toast" either = drinking-toast, or bread so called.

l. 615, "*new Virginians*,"—the "colony" of Virginia was a recent and proud memory.

l. 624, "*Tilt-boate*"=a boat covered with a "tilt," to keep off rain, &c.
l. 629, "*whereas*"=whereat.
l. 636, "*buxon.*" Cf. note on Procemium, l. 35.
l. 642, "*faries*" =Fairies.
l. 649, "*con her thanks*"=studied expression of thanks due.
l. 651, "*vnder-laies*"=under-props or supports (concealed).
l. 653, "*Lodam*"=old game at cards.
l. 680, "*dowe*"=dough: l. 682, "*tine*"=light and kindle; l. 688, "*baggage*"= pert and worthless women.
l. 707, "*Impe*"=young offspring.
l. 734, "*lets*"=hinders.
l. 746, "*apes in hell*"=a woman who lives and dies single.
l. 753, "*sometimes*"=sometime.
l. 757, "*she*" from 1623 instead of "they," caught from prior lines in our text (1612).
ll. 767-8, Cf. *Proverbs* xxx, 15, 16.
l. 783, "*about*"=a bout.
l. 795, "*cletch*"=clutch, for rhyme with "fetch."
l. 811, "*quicke*"=living, see l. 935.
l. 820, "*which*": in 1623 "that."
l. 852, "*presd*"=enlisted or impressed.
l. 887, "*vilde*"=vile.
l. 896, "*coile*"=to-do, noise. So in *Much Ado about Nothing* (iii, 3), "The wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great *coil* to-night." Even in *Hamlet* the ordinary reading seems deeper than the changed one. Frequently used by Shakspere: l. 936 "*then*"=than, and so *frequenter*.
l. 955, "*the*," is misprinted "a" in other edition.
l. 962, "*affected*"=liked each other.
l. 999, "*Truls*"=bad women.
l. 1010, "*abroade*"=in the country, or from home.
l. 1037, "*mystery*"=trade or guild: l. 1038, "*vailes*"=presents or allowances: l. 1039, "*wings*"=part of feminine dress on shoulders.
l. 1050, "*Take the wall*"=keep next the wall. Clever and deserved was the retort of the old Puritan clergyman, who, when met on a narrow footpath by a fop, and being rudely addressed by him as he held his place on the path, "I never give way to fools," answered, "I always do," and stepped down.
l. 1055, "*Vardingales*"=Fardingales, female dress.
l. 1103, "*Barbor-surgeon*"=Barbers drew blood anciently, and hence the brass bason still displayed as 'sign.'
l. 1136, "*Broche*"=broach or put on the spit.
l. 1178, "*Telling*"=counting.
l. 1237, "*the leaueleſſe forked tree*"—qu. the "gallows"?
l. 1266, "*let*"=hinder.

l. 1285, "*apprehend*"=lay hold of—noticeable use of the word.
l. 1302, "*seered*"=made sere (as autumn leaves).
l. 1357, "*placket*"=pocket.
l. 1408, "*Baboone*"=baboon, anticipation of Lord Monboddo earlier and Darwin now.
l. 1416, "*long-tailes*"=See on l. 602.
l. 1445, "*dejected*"=cast down.
l. 1490, "*Presenting*"=anticipating.
l. 1508, "*roving*"=arrow marks.
l. 1517, "*Cat-Amount*"=mountain-cat.
l. 1539, "*Calenters*"=a kind of ordnance.
l. 1543, "*Morris*"=dance so named.
l. 1563, "*daggle*"=draggle, or trail in the mire.
l. 1589, "*Sea-marks*"= light-house; also beacon.
l. 1623, "*infamous*"— early use of the word in its present sense. The "infamous hills" of Milton's *Comus* (l. 424) translates Horace's "infames scopulos."
l. 1635, "*shootes*"= shouts.
l. 1639, "*Charing-crosse fell downe* (*as Stow doth say*). See *s.n.*
l. 1714, "*miser*"= miserable shortened.
l. 1740, "*Syper*"= cypres—a gauzy material, as crape, &c.
l. 1826, "*Shepheards-holland*"= rustic cloth maker or merchant—"holland," a kind of linen still used.
l. 1897, "*Woodcocke*"= silly fellow.
l. 1898, "*Lobs-pound*"=prison (humorously used).
l. 1913, "*champeftriall*"= residents on the champaign or plain? I have not met with the word elsewhere; probably a coinage in "al" to match with "rur-al."
l. 1917, "*Malkins*"= Maries, *i.e.*, after the "Virgin" Mary—a diminutive.
l. 1958, "*white sheets*"—penitent's garb under Church discipline.
l. 2051, "*amated*"= dismayed.
l. 2089, "*Minion*"= favorite (evil)—primarily inferior and less.
l. 2090, "*bob'd*"=imposed on, deceived.
l. 2047, "*Surquedry*"= arrogance.
l. 2210, "*obsecration*"= beseeching.
l. 2454, "*cony-catch*"—The slang name for sharper or cheat—appropriated by Rowlands, &c.
l. 2509, "*Stale*"= decoy.
l. 2619, "*whereas*"= as, elongated.
l. 2625, "*vild*"=vile.
l. 2634, "*Jakes-farmers*"=manure contractors (from privies, &c.)
l. 2690, "*toy*"= trifle.
l. 2711, "*brooke*"=bear, endure, or digest.
l. 2727, "*Tame a Shrew*"—a proverbial saying immortalised by Shakspere's adoption of it as title of his play thereon.
l. 2733, "*laudin*"= jesting, and more.

l. 2744, "*descry*" = point it out or cause it to be known.
l. 2775, "*cleped*" = named or designated.
l. 2946, "*let*" = hinder.
l. 3135, "*bettle-blind*" = blind as a beetle—insect so named.
l. 3144, "*Philip Sparrow*"—So in Sir Philip Sidney, in Astrophel and Stella (lxxxiii), To a Sparrow: "Good brother Philip, I have borne you long"—whereon I annotate in my editions of Sidney. Shakspere has it thus:

Gurney. Good leave, good Philip.
Bastard. Philip! sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad. (*King John*, act i, sc. 1.)

He being now Sir Richard. See also Skelton's Phyllp sparowe, and Lyly's Mother Bombie, a sparrow being so called on account of his "peep, peep" (l. 6), when, as Catullus says, pipilabit.
l. 3196, "*fond*" = foolish.
l. 3257-60, "*Dauid Lindsey*" = Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, whose Works have been recently collected and carefully edited by Dr. Laing, of Edinburgh (two vols.)
l. 3346, "*inhanced*" = advanced; l. 3347, "*cheuisance*" = achievement.
l. 3370 "*cuck-quean*" = female cuckold.
l. 3594, "*river named Aire*"—see our Introduction on this Yorkshire river.
l. 3611, "*mowing*" = wry faces, as an ape does: "like apes that *mowe* and chatter at me" (*Tempest*, ii, 2).
l. 3688, "*Stronger*," &c. Cf. *Proverbs*, xvi, 32.
l. 3724, "*Period*" = end.
l. 3738, "*battaille-ray*" = array.
l. 3776, "*Burse*" = Bourse, or "Britains Burse," afterwards called Exeter Exchange. Cf. *Palinodia*.

II. Palinodia.

Title Page.—Motto from Epist. xix, ll. 2-3, Ad Mæcenatem.

The Printer, &c.—P. 129, l. 3, "*prest*" = ready; l. 13, "*Complement*" = compliment; p. 130, l. 1, "*Zoilist*" = follower of Zoilus, or a carping critic; l. 2, "*skils*" = matters; l. 13, "*candidous*" = candid; l. 14, "*fat honest men*"—a common notion of "fat" men, which experience does not confirm even in the lesser thing of (alleged) good nature, for historically the cruellest and basest men (and women) have been of the fattest; Latin Lines at close, l. 7, in 1634 "nimium."

PASQUIL'S PALINODIA.—P. 131, st. 1, l. 4, "*crowde*"=fiddle, as "crowder" is a fiddler; *ib.*, l. 5, "*To comfort Moone-fac'd Cuckolds,*" *&c.*—this unmistakably links on "Palinodia" to "Cornucopia;" st. 2, l. 3, "*Tantara*"=imitative word for the sound of trumpet or bugle; st. 3, l. 6, "*out a-cry*"—a noticeable phrase—"out-cry" is the term for an auction, and "out-crier" for auctioneer.

p. 132, st. 1, l. 5, "*hath*" in 1619 is "had;" l. 8, "*Counter*"=prison so-named; st. 2, l. 5, "*in March a Hare*"—hence the proverb "As mad as a March hare"—qy. the rutting-season (supposed)? l. 8, "*prest*"=urged or "pressed."

p. 133, st. 1, l. 1, "*hungry Rats*"—I have seen contemporary and later chap-books or tractates on this against "Corn Hoarders"; l. 3, "*Cade*"=a barrel holding 600 herring; l. 4, "*Pillory*"—in 1619 "Pillory"; l. 6, "*Th' artillery*"=the Walk so-named for "gun" exercise; l. 7, "*last great frost*": As before, in *Cornucopia*, the particular "frost" of many are uncertain—probably that of 1608 in both; st. 2, l. 8, "*Weathers-face*"=sheep's face, sheepish; st. 4, l. 3, "*Iobernols*"=jobernoules or block-heads.

p. 134, st. 1, l. 3, "*regiment*"=government; st. 2, l. 7, "*Venice-Glasse*"—Venice is still celebrated for its glass work: the allusion is to the mythical or "Vulgar Error" that any poison put into a "Venice Glass" at once shattered it; l. 8, "*wil*" is in 1619 "will."

p. 135, st. 1, l. 7, "*drunke*" is in 1619 "druncke."

p. 136, st. 4, l. 7, "*towne*" is in 1619 "Towne," and "country" is "cuntrie."

p. 137, st. 1, l. 2, "*too*"—from 1619: "to" in 1634; l. 3, "*shent*"=blamed, scolded; ll. 5-6, the hyphen inserted, as in 1619, in 'wise-men' and 'edge-tools'; l. 3, "*For*" is in 1616 "*Nor*" by error, and "iourney" has a capital "I."

p. 138, st. 3, l. 5, "*iealous*" in 1619 is "*Iealous,*" and l. 7, "*Furye*"; l 8, "*Temple-Barre*—being taken down as I write this note; st. 4, l. 1, "*neighbours,*" a capital "*N*" in 1619.

p. 139, st. 1, l. 3, "*Summer-broach*"=bouquet, *i.e.*, the May-pole decked with flowers; l. 4, "*Ycleap'd*"=named; l. 6, "*Clarken-well*"=Clerkenwell; st. 3, l. 5, "*Yonkers*"=youths.

p. 140, st. 1, l. 1, "*Then*"—from 1619: "*The*" in 1634; l. 4, "*Morrice*"=Morris dance—from the Moors—spelled "Morris" in 1619; and in l. 8, "*farme*" has a capital "F"; st. 3, l. 6, "*Piramidès*"—thus for long pronounced.

p. 141, st. 1, l. 1 (margin), "*Leed*" is in 1619 "*Leede*," and for "you" has "thou"; l. 3, "*Waſſall Cup*"=wassail-cup; st. 3, l. 2, "*Fabricke*" in 1619 "fabricke"; *ib.*, "*Burſe*," see p. 142; st. 4, l. 1; l. 7, "*Greſham*"—the illustrious citizen and founder of The Exchange; st. 4, l. 1, *Caroaches*"= large coach.

p. 142, st. 2, l. 4, "*points*"= tagged laces; st. 3, l. 4, "*toy*"= trifle; l. 6, "*Broaches*"= bouquets; st. 4, l. 1, "*Burſe of Britaine*"= Exeter Exchange (as named later).

p. 143, st. 1, l. 4, "*croſt*"= crossed, or made into a cruciform shape.

p. 144, st. 3, l. 8, "*Abington*"="Abingdon"?

p. 145, st. 1, l. 3, "*intended Theeme*" is in 1619 "*intented Theame*," and in 1619, st. 2, l. 3, "reason" is printed with a capital "R"; st. 3, l. 3, "*Flounder*"=flat fish (so named).

p. 146, st. 1, l. 1, "*whereas*"=whereat; l. 4, "*yawling*"=Scotice "youling," *i.e.*, howling; st. 3, l. 5, "*doome*"= sentence; st. 4, l. 8, "*ſophyſticates*"=still used as a slangy term for adulteration.

p. 147, st. 1, l. 1, "*Alligant.*" This and other wines herein enumerated, I, as a water-drinker, must leave to those skilled in vintages to annotate; l. 6, "*Iordane*"—query, cause a man to wish death, *i.e.*, pass Jordan? or = to piss? I am aware that this querying may raise "the loud laugh" at my expense, for I have no esoteric knowledge on the diverse effects of wine-drinking; st. 2, l. 6, "*me*" is in 1619 "mee."

p. 148, st. 1, l. 7, "*Saraſines*=Saracens—odd name for the Custom-house "Porters;" st. 2, l. 8, "*Yeſſo*"—evidently an adulterative mixture; st. 4, l. 4, "*ſpickets*"=spigots.

p. 149, st. 1, l. 6, "*naught*"=nought—or perhaps=naughty, bad; st. 2, l. 3, "*impoſtur'd*"=imposture, or made up, as in p. 146, st. 4, l. 8, "sophysticates" is used; st. 2, l. 6, "*Drawer*"=attendant, or here the hotel-keeper acting as such.

p. 150, st. 1, l. 4, "*old*" in our text is printed "old old," corrected from 1619; l. 6, "*Tenet*"=a joke on "Thanet"; st. 2, l. 8, "*Punke*"=prostitute; st. 3, l. 7, "*Greeks*" is in 1619 "Greekes"; st. 4, l. 8, "*Mermaid*"—an anachorism, but a welcome allusion to the famous Inn; catch-word "Tis" is misprinted "This" in both editions.

p. 152, st. 1, l. 5, "*Whē*" is in 1619 "*When*"; st. 2, l. 4, "*Fritter-fild*"=filled with fritters—a kind of pancake; st. 3, l. 4, "*old Ling*—salted fish so-named; st. 4, l. 1,

"*Pullen*"=pullets; l. 4, "*limber*"—this in 1619 is misprinted "*timber*," and the 1634 editor seeing a mistake, changed this to "tender," but of course "limber" is the word, and accordingly I so print; l. 5, "*stool & ball*"—game so-called; l. 6, "*Barly-breake*"—see the long poem on "Barley-Break," in these Occasional Issues, by W.N.

p. 153, st. 2, l. 8, "*Tinker*"—a once popular air that is found with various licentious poem-songs or balladry.

p. 154, st. 2, l. 7, "*rheumes*" is in 1619 "*rheums.*"

p. 155, st. 3, l. 2, "*Borrage*"—"borage" is a plant of the genus "*borago*," but query here?; l. 6, "*berry*" in 1619 a cap. "B."

p. 156, st. 1, l. 5, "*trace*"=follow (a hunting term).

p. 157, st. 3, l. 6, "*thē*" is in 1619 "them."

*** From the slightness of the Notes on "Palinodia" it was not deemed expedient to number the lines; the references are to the foot-pagination and the stanzas and lines therein. It will be noticed that the various readings of 1619 and 1634 are very slight. In the Latin, several blunders of 1634 are corrected from 1619, and one marginal bit (p. 157, opposite last stanza) dropped in 1634 is replaced. The u and v and spelling and trivial punctuation differences are not recorded.

A. B. G.

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XIII. CORNUCOPIÆ, ETC.

Line 9, '*Broker*'—as Cotgrave says, a Fripeér (from Fr.), a mender of old garments and a seller of them so mended; or qu. = go between?

,, 57, delete '*quene or*' and read '*love or.*'

,, 61, '*Boured her*' = to lay alongside of, *i.e.*, to companion her to the play. Admiral Smyth says that it is still a colloquialism [qy. a nautical one?] derived from the old sense of accost for—"to ask, make acquaintance with, to fasten on" [as one does on boarding or before laying aboard]. Cf. = board, in *Merry Wives*, II., i. 92; *Much Ado*, II., i. 149.

,, 103-4,—quotation from Gascoigne (edn. Hazlitt, I. 64.)

,, 156. '*Pippin Squire*'—a variant of the usual 'Apple Squire,' the name given to him who waited on a woman of bad character, and who was not uncommonly 'kept' by her.

,, 357, '*Baiard*' = Bayard, *i.e.*, brown horse, but here a proper name.

,, 361, '*Spurre blind*'—Halliwell-Phillipps says Latimer uses it in the sense of '*purblind.*'

,, 568, '*great froſt.*' It is 'The' and a 'strange' one—hence the frost of 1608.

,, 795. Another reminiscence of a hackneyed passage in Southwell (Fuller Worthies' Library edition, p. 91).

,, 1225, '*Corriuals*'—Shakespearean word.

,, 1237, '*leaueleſſe jorked tree*'—Cuckold's Haven, which used to be so marked.

,, 1302—note has '*seered*' but the text '*feared*'—the former the word.

,, 1506, '*Tillier*' = cross-bow—properly the handle only of the cross-bow.

,, 1714, '*miſer*'—Latinate form.

,, 1826—the words 'maker or merchant' should have been enclosed in [ ].

,, 2733, '*bourding*' = laying alongside, also '*jesting*'—used with a punning and equivocal meaning.

,, 3211, '*gaggle*'—German, gackeln; also of the goose.

,, 3668. Cf. I. *Henry IV.*, ii. i. 104. "Go to: homo is a common name to all men."

PALINODIA, ETC.

Page 131, ll. 3-6, '*out a-cry*' = out of cry, beyond all whooping; in a degree, beyond recovery.

,, 141, st. 4, l. 3, '*hurl'd*' 'ore the stones whilst Ladies will be hurl'd'—now a Scotticism. Lately a good old Scotch lady of the old school in describing her journey from Fife to Blackburn, said, 'Eh! but it's a lang lang *hurl.*'

Page 143, l. 17, '*Acts and Monuments*' = Fox's.
" 147, l. 1, '*Alligant*' = Alicut — the name of a town and wine — as '*Malligo*' below is '*Malaga*'; l. 6, '*Jordane*,' — delete from 'query to . . . Jordan? or ".
" 148, l. 16, '*Yggo*' = qu. Ysope, = hyssop?
" 149, ll. 3-4, '*And*' misprint for '*An*'; l. 6, '*long of*' — now a vulgarism.
" 150, l. 16, '*rydir*' = changeable.
" 155, ll. 3-2 — delete 'but query here?' and read — steeped in wine and used as an exhilarant.

I.

CORNUCOPIÆ,

Pasquil's Night-cap,

OR

Anti-dot for the Head-ache.

(1612.)

II.

PASQUIL'S PALINODIA,

And his Progresse to the Taverne,
Where after the Survey of the Sellar,
You are presented with a pleasant
Pynte of Poeticall Sherry.

(1619.)

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, AND
FAC-SIMILES OF ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS,

BY THE

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This is to certify that the impression of "Cornucopiæ" and "Palinodia" has been rigidly limited to Fifty Copies, of which this is No..... Proof-sheets and waste pages have been destroyed.

INTRODUCTION.

I FEEL that, perhaps more urgently than in any previous instance, it is necessary to recall, that these Occasional Issues of unique or extremely rare books, are not *published*, but rigidly limited privately to Fifty Copies, agreeably to the list prefixed. This limitation secures that they shall only be accessible to the "fit tho' few" students of our early literature and social history, and be used for such ends. Otherwise, I could not have reconciled myself to the preservation, by reproduction, of such free, if I might not say loose, productions as *Cornucopiæ* and *Palinodia*. It were difficult to censure too severely the "filthiness, foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient" (*Ephesians* v, 4), more especially of *Cornucopiæ*. Nevertheless, here is furnished a historically-ethically invaluable measure of the advance in wholesomeness of public sentiment, if not of conduct, to-day; all the more to be considered in that the "form and pressure" are not of the later Restoration-age but of the still stringent Puritan. It is surely most significant that 'Cuckoldry' (adultery) should so have abounded in this our England and the crime lain so lightly on the national conscience. With every allowance for the mirthful exaggeration of the anonymous Poet, there runs through both *Cornucopiæ* and *Palinodia* a vein of fact that is profoundly suggestive. Nor with all his freedom of speech, is either poem without pungent hits at the sins and sinners of the day; neither does he fail to hold a steady light over the unclean places of (so-called) "high folks" and the middle-classes. There are broad-spoken indelicacies of

incident and record that one would wish away; yet substantively the grossness is in the things that were being actually done from day to day rather than in the wording. There are offences against good manners, against feeling, against decency, in the facts and acts; but comparatively little of pruriency or nastiness for 'nastiness' sake. Both *Cornucopia* and *Palinodia*, as workmanship, show (meo judicio) a practised Maker. Both sparkle with clever things that, if not 'wit,' are at least touched of humour, in long anticipation of "Beppo" and "Whistlecraft." Both have now and again iridiscence of the Poet's fancy, unexpected as the rich colouring in poisonous toad-stools. Both have "wise saws" and apophthegms that start reflection. Emphatically both are realistic portraitures of the time, of "men and manners."

Who was the author of these two poems has not yet been ascertained. In *Cornucopia* (page 117, l. 3593) he turns aside to celebrate a town on the river Aire, by which was probably meant "Leeds," in Yorkshire; while in *Palinodia* (page 141, l. 9) he apostrophises his native town and puts "Leed" in the margin, by which "Leeds" doubtless was intended. These references invite the Antiquaries of Yorkshire to set themselves a-searching after this new poet of the County, as they set aside the suggested name of SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

Of *Cornucopia* the earliest known edition is dated 1612. It is our text, with very few trivial corrections from a later edition (1623?), both in the Bodleian and in the Dyce Library, South Kensington. The later text differs in nothing really noticeable beyond modernisation of orthography, and slight correction of a somewhat chaotic punctuation. Of *Palinodia* also there are two editions, viz., 1619 and 1624 or 1634,—binder's cutting off the third figure making [illegible] latter date uncertain. The latter is our text, with like [illegible]parison [illegible] other, and with like results. I am very [illegible] my friend the Rev. J. W. EPSWORTH,

INTRODUCTION.

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